

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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FOUR MEN AND A BOY IN A TRAP

See
Page
Seven

WILD LIFE OF UGANDA

WHERE 20,000 ELEPHANTS ROAM

The Great Story of a Game
Warden in South Africa

THE ELEPHANT HERD

It is questionable which book has had the more important effects on the minds and actions of men, the true story of Marco Polo's travels or the enthralling fiction of the Arabian Nights.

There is a man in Africa today who comes into the same category of influences upon the stay-at-homes: he is Captain C. R. S. Pitman, the famous game warden of Uganda. His annual report is a masterpiece of description of the magnificent beasts, birds, and reptiles to be found in that great territory.

Since Sanderson was in India no one has written more intimately of elephants than Captain Pitman. He has 20,000 of them at large under his control, and from the way he manages them they might be deer or cattle.

The Dreaded Buffalo

Uganda has to be divided into elephant country and anti-elephant country. In the first they are free to roam and multiply; in the second they have to be shot to guard the crops of civilisation.

Men talk of vicious herds of elephants, of herds composed entirely of man-slaying elephants. There is no such thing as a herd entirely vicious, this report says. A herd may contain at most two or three ferocious animals, and they can organise a general attack by all their companions; but if the fierce leaders are killed the rest become docile as sheep.

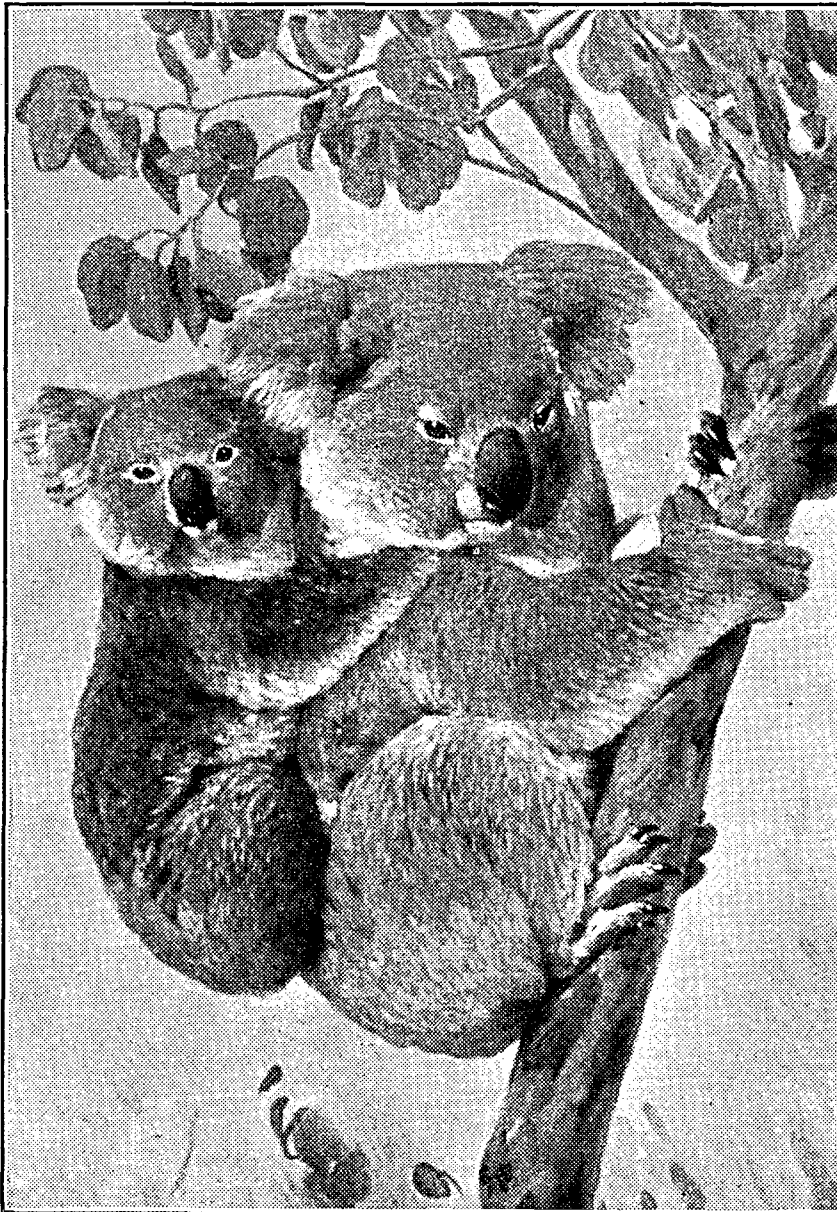
It is curious to learn that the natives really fear only the buffaloes, which, taking possession of a water-hole, keep all human beings at bay, and to know that not only certain lions and leopards are habitual man-eaters, but that here and there particular crocodiles, snakes, and hippopotamuses attack human beings with wanton savagery.

Gorillas Under Protection

Gorillas seem to be safe in Uganda, which has a hundred of them and protects them from the wretches who consider it sport to indulge in what Captain Pitman calls indefensible slaughter at the expense of these sombre, mysterious wild men of the woods.

There is much about chimpanzees, monkeys, the savage cat from which our domestic species descends, and about birds and reptiles. But the entire report must be just such a document as calls adventurous youth from quiet town life in the Homeland, and makes them pioneers and naturalists in the lands where the wild giants are still lords of jungle, plain, and river.

Mother and Child Climb to Safety



These little Australian koalas, or tree bears, are very much like the toy Teddy Bears that were once so popular with children, although, of course, they are not really bears at all. This picture shows a mother koala climbing a tree with her baby clinging to her back.

THE PAINTED MAN OF LONDON BRIDGE

SOUTHWARK has just lost a link with Charles Dickens and Queen Anne, and what we like best in the story is the Painted Man of London Bridge.

When Queen Anne was on the throne, there were pastures and wild flowers where now there are crowded streets. In those days a farmer of Southwark built himself a fine house, with handsome panels and wood-carving.

The years went by, the fields disappeared, streets sprang up, yet still the building was known as the Farm House. But in Dickens's day it had become a common lodging-house for tramps, beggars, and pickpockets.

One night a detective took the great novelist to see several places of the sort, overcrowded, foul, and verminous. At the old Farm House Dickens sorrowed over its changed fortunes:

This long paved yard was a paddock or a garden once, or a court in front of the Farm

House. Perchance with a dovecote in the centre and fowls pecking about—with fair elm trees then where discoloured chimney-stacks and gables are now—noisy then with rooks which have yielded to a different rookery.

Dickens went in, saw the painted panels, the broad old staircase, and the disreputable lodgers; and it was one of these lodgers who had stood by London Bridge with a skin painted to represent disease and made a living by it for a quarter of a century!

The local authorities have condemned the old Farm House, and it has now been demolished. It is better so; if we lose the ancient building we lose, too, its memories of sin and sorrow and squalor. And it is good to think that, if the home of the Painted Man has gone, the Painted Man has also gone, with all his type, for we may be sure nothing of that kind would meet with success in these days.

A GOOD MAN PASSING INTO HISTORY

RED HAT ON THE WALL

Last Primate to be Appointed
by a King of Hungary

UNBROKEN CHAIN OF CENTURIES

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Hungary has clothed herself in black for a week because of the death of a good man. Not all good men who die are thus universally honoured; but this man was exceptional in his qualities and in the position he succeeded in winning for himself.

Born 75 years ago as the third son of a hard-working and God-fearing farmer, John Csernoch absorbed in his childhood so much simple wisdom, faith, and shining goodness in his poverty-stricken little home that his character carried him to heights where all men looked on him with love and reverence.

From Priest to Primate

A simple priest at the beginning of his career, he ended his life as Archbishop of Esztergom and Primate of Hungary, the highest position in the land except the king's. It is a position gilded by tradition, too, for it goes back in unbroken succession to 1279.

John Csernoch was the 77th of a long line of Primates, all appointed by the kings of Hungary. His high office was historical, and he himself had a share in the making of history. It was he who placed the crown on the head of Charles the Fourth, the ill-starred young king who was sent into exile at the close of the war; and when Charles, after his unfortunate attempt to regain the throne, was arrested and banished once more it was he who visited him and Queen Zita in the dark hour of their despair and brought them the consolations of their religion.

A Picturesque Custom

Now he has gone from among us, and his remains have been walled up with those of his predecessors in one of the vaults under Esztergom Cathedral. According to a picturesque custom handed down through the ages, his cardinal's red hat has been hung up by its own cord on the wall of his burial-place. So long as the cord holds he is supposed to be still near in spirit—almost, though not quite, within reach of the living; but when the cord moulders and the hat falls by its own weight he will be considered to have become definitely a part of the past.

Then, and then only, will the marble tablet bearing the dates of his birth and death and the chief incidents of his life be placed on the outer wall of his vault, and John Csernoch, last of the line of Primates to be appointed by a King of Hungary, will have become, like his seventy-six predecessors, a figure in history.

THE HERO OF FORT SASKATCHEWAN

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Molly the St. Bernard Keeps Up the Great Tradition

A RIVER ADVENTURE

There must be something in being a St. Bernard. At Fort Saskatchewan in Canada a dog of this heroic breed has followed, without hesitation, the life-saving tradition of her forefathers in the St. Bernard Pass in Switzerland.

But Molly, for that was the St. Bernard's name, performed her deed of life-saving, not amid snow and ice, but in the flood-swollen waters of the river that runs through the settlement.

Two little girls, Freda Daye and her friend, were playing by the river bank when the earth gave way beneath their feet. They slipped with the crumbling soil into the river, which was running like a mill-race.

Just in Time

The St. Bernard had been playing with them, and when the brave creature saw the two children struggling in the eddying waters she was too bewildered to do anything but bark at them and race up and down the bank. Even when the two children were swept toward mid-stream by the eddies the dog may have thought it a new kind of game.

But at that moment Freda Daye, feeling herself being swept away, though she could swim, shouted out frantically, "Molly!" That was enough for Molly. She knew at once that she was wanted, and in a flash she was in the water, swimming to her struggling playmates.

It was not a moment too soon, for both were exhausted by fright and their unavailing struggles to get back to the bank. Freda clutched Molly's collar, the other child took hold of a fistful of the dog's hair. Molly was a life-belt to both of them.

A Long Struggle

She was more than that. Even a strong swimmer might have felt a thrill of anxiety in having two struggling and rather frightened people to rescue at the same time; but Molly did not reason in that way. There was the job before her and it was going to be done.

First Molly turned to come back. That was no good; the stream was too strong. So, with unerring instinct, the dog struck out the farther way to the opposite shore. The two girls just left it to Molly.

It was a long, long struggle. The people of Fort Saskatchewan came hurrying from their houses as soon as the news spread of what had happened. There was plenty of time to watch, plenty of time to look helplessly on, their hearts in their mouths. Nobody could do anything to help. Everything depended on the dog's strength.

Safe at Last

Twice both the dog and the children were borne below the surface of the river. The second time it seemed that they were gone. But no—above the boiling eddies the dog's shaggy head came up again, and the children were with her. At last Molly, panting and exhausted, reached shallow water, and on the bank scores of willing hands were waiting to drag out the rescuer and the rescued.

The children were still safe, though the younger was half drowned, and both had swallowed much muddy water. Neither could speak. But they were young. They were revived, and a car was near by to carry them home.

Fort Saskatchewan is proud of Molly today. As the children were lifted into the car she asserted herself once more. This was still her job. She jumped in after them and saw them home. If these odd human beings could not look after the children she must.

NATURE'S OWN SEA WALLS

A Plant that Fights the Tide

A GRASS ON THE ESSEX COAST

It was on the shore of Southampton Water nine centuries ago that King Canute allowed the advancing sea to wet his feet in rebuke of his fulsome flatterers, who pretended that he could forbid the tide to rise.

It was on the shore of Southampton Water two generations ago that a spilt cargo of rice-grass seeds showed that rice-grass could do what a king cannot.

Now, in all parts of the world, rice-grass is carrying the war into the camp of the age-long enemy. It is raising mud-banks inch by inch till they become no longer a watery waste but dry and fertile land.

When the seeds were washed ashore in Southampton Water the grass took root and grew rapidly, spreading itself far and wide. It proved able to hold the mud with which the sea had till then had its own way, and as it grew the mud piled up around it higher and higher; till it was clear of the highest tide.

Reclaiming Land

A Hampshire botanist named Townsend, grasping the immense value of these qualities, cultivated and propagated and developed the plant, and now the growth he produced, called *Spartina Townsendii* in his honour, is exported everywhere for this particular purpose of reclaiming land from the sea. Even the Dutch import it, and the Dutch know all there is to know about land reclamation.

The latest development is its use in Essex, to protect the sea walls there. The planting is in charge of Mr. Bryce, of the East Anglian Institute of Agriculture, and is continuing steadily. Once planted, the grass spreads rapidly both by seeding and by extending its roots. It is said to be exceedingly effective, and it is much cheaper than stone walls!

THE SMALLEST MUSEUM

Devon Girls Uncovering a Buried Temple

600 WORKED FLINTS

The smallest public museum in England, say its owners, is in a bungalow on Bulverton Hill, near Sidmouth.

The curators and proprietors are Gladys Chambers, aged 16, and her younger sister Kate, daughters of a civil engineer. The bungalow is in the midst of a wild life sanctuary of 22 acres, where there are wild deer which, happily, the Devon Stag Hunt may not touch, with foxes, badgers, squirrels, and all the Devon birds and flowers.

It is quite an important museum, for it has grown out of discoveries made by the curators in excavations on the site of an ancient British Sun Temple built 45 centuries ago. Worship is believed to have continued there till the Romans built a road to Exeter in the valley below.

It will be some time yet before the young excavators can wholly uncover the temple, but already 40 great stones have been found, some of which must have been carried many miles.

Over 600 worked flints have been found. Some have gone to the British Museum, and Gladys and Kate have received in exchange Roman pottery from London and relics of the Swiss Lake dwellings.

This small museum is so small that when visitors go into it the curators have to come out to make room for them. But it will grow with its owners.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cimabue . . . Che-mar-boo-ay
Koala . . . Ko-ah-lah
Saskatchewan . . . Sas-kach-e-wan

IRELAND TROUBLED AGAIN

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS AT WORK

Remarkable Situation in the Parliament of the Free State GOVERNMENT SAVED BY A VOTE

It is seldom that a question in Parliament has to be decided by the casting vote of the Speaker, and still more rarely has the question of confidence in a Government been so decided. Yet that is what has happened in the Parliament of the Irish Free State.

President Cosgrave's party has been in power for five stormy years; it has held office since the Treaty was made with England by which the Free State was established. There was a General Election only a few weeks ago, and the Government seemed to have obtained a new lease of power. Now its majority has disappeared in a curious manner.

The Last Election

The old Home Rule Party under John Redmond was overthrown by a new Republican Party, known as Sinn Fein. Sinn Fein, in its turn, was split up when Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins accepted the Treaty with Britain and Eamon de Valera stood out for a Republic. Civil war followed between the two factions, but at last, after Griffith had died and Collins had been murdered, De Valera decided for peace, though he still objected to taking the oath of allegiance to Britain.

At the last election the Sinn Feiners gained only eight seats. De Valera and his friends secured 43, and the Government Party 45. In addition there were the old Nationalist (or Home Rule) Party led by Captain Redmond (son of John Redmond of Home Rule days) with a following of six, a Labour Party numbering 22, and a Farmer's Party of eleven. Finally there were 14 Independents.

The Oath of Allegiance

The Sinn Feiners and De Valera's Party refused, as before, to take the oath of allegiance and were therefore unable to take their seats, so that with the support of the farmers and most of the independents President Cosgrave retained a majority.

Then came the cruel murder of Kevin O'Higgins, the Vice-President, a cowardly crime which led the President to bring in Bills giving him special powers which he believed were necessary to fight disorder, as well as a Bill requiring that in future no candidate might stand for election to the Dail unless he promised to take the Oath of Allegiance. This meant that De Valera and his friends would be driven out of politics, and they decided that they must take their seats to prevent the Bill becoming law.

To do this it was necessary to take the oath, but this difficulty they got over by announcing that the oath was an empty formula and meant nothing! They calculated that with the help of the Labour Party and the Nationalists they could turn the Government out.

Man Who Did Not Vote

But the best laid schemes go wrong. Mr. Johnson, the Labour Leader, who was to be made President, moved the resolution of No Confidence, but in doing so he made it clear that he and his party stood by the Constitution. Captain Redmond said the same. After five hours of debate the division came, and then came a dramatic situation.

Owing to the fact that a member of the Redmond Party did not vote the result was a tie—71 votes for the motion and 71 against. In accordance with a well recognised rule the Speaker gave his vote against a change, and the Government was left in office for the holidays.

In the meantime all Ireland has been laughing at the way Mr. John Jinks upset De Valera's plot by not voting, but—what next?

LATE NEWS

A Catastrophe the Papers Missed

AN EARTHQUAKE FAR AWAY

In spite of railways and cars and telegraphs and wireless and aeroplanes and telephones it is still true that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

There has been a terrible earthquake, almost as terrible as any in history. It has devastated an area measuring 300 miles by 100, and it is believed that at least a hundred thousand people have perished. One would suppose that the world would instantly be ringing with the news of such a catastrophe, yet it took over two months for the world to hear a word of it! The seismographs recorded the tremors, but could not say where they came from.

Three Cities Destroyed

The disaster occurred in the extreme north-west of China, in the Province of Kansu, and Kansu, with its teeming population, is approachable only by caravan route. Travel and communication there are almost as primitive as when Marco Polo walked across Central Asia with his father six centuries ago.

Three cities on the northern slopes of the Nan-Shan Mountains, south of the Gobi Desert, were completely destroyed, as well as countless villages. One village was literally buried under falling mountains. A similar disaster occurred only seven years ago.

Monsignor Buddenbrock, a missionary who sends the news, says the misery of the survivors is indescribable. The missions have all been destroyed. The Sister Superior at Sisiang was attending Mass when the mission chapel collapsed upon her. When her body was removed it was found to be protecting two children who were still alive.

MISLEADING SIGNS

Regulation Needed in Kent

A Kent reader of the C.N., calling our attention to the new Transport Ministry regulation against advertisements in the form of sign-posts, hopes this will lead to the removal of the peculiarly misleading signs which have been allowed to spring up in that county.

It is one of the few bad things seen on Kent roads, where a local advertiser is permitted to fix signs which are deliberately intended to be mistaken for traffic signs.

THINGS SAID

Get off the Earth.

An Air advertisement

The climate is dead against me.

Ice cream merchant

It's a long way to the ground!

Henry Ford in Lindbergh's plane

It is England's honesty that has made her great.

U.S. Congressman Bloom

You can get a motor-licence if you are blind, deaf, and dumb.

A Northampton solicitor

The young man who takes to drink in Australia is done for.

High Commissioner for Australia

The intelligent use of leisure is the mark of an educated man.

Professor Percy Buck

I want to bring the empty spaces and the willing hands together.

Mr. Baldwin in Canada

I hope to see the day when motorists will be able to summon careless pedestrians.

Motorist to Brighton magistrates

There seems to be a new rage for London girls to paint their faces in ghastly colours.

Miss Jessie Matthews, actress

We don't mind what happens to others as long as our own hides are safe—that is what's wrong with the world.

Mr. Cairns at Thames Police Court

ENGLISHMAN ON THE WALLS OF FLORENCE

MISTAKEN FOR CIMABUE

Interesting Discovery in the Famous Spanish Chapel

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

Nearly seven centuries ago a beautiful church, Santa Maria Novella, began to rise in Florence. In that church two lady scholars have just discovered the ancient portrait of an Englishman, an exiled soldier of fortune, of the great house of Despensers which towered so high and menacing in Plantagenet times.

The church was not completed for two centuries, and the portrait of the Englishman must have been on its walls a hundred years before the last pieces of the red and white marble of the façade were placed in position in 1470. Until now the portrait, which appears in the frescoes of the famous Spanish chapel, has always been considered to represent the great artist Cimabue.

Edward le Despenser

But how comes Cimabue with a Garter beneath his left knee? That is an English Order, established by our King Edward the Third. Its wearer is English, and the inquiries of the discoverers seem conclusively to prove that the supposed Cimabue is, in fact, Edward le Despenser, who died in 1375, after having fought for England at Poitiers and in three other campaigns in France, then crossed into Italy to fight for Milan, and then, suspecting that his master, Prince Lionel, had been poisoned, transferred his sword to the service of the Pope.

The Despensers were one of the great families of later Plantagenet days, greedy, grasping, arrogant, yet somehow sound at heart; men who sometimes sided with the barons against the King but more often with the King against the barons, but always looked, to Parliament as the real lawmaker, and determined that neither Crown nor baronage should override the will of the Commons.

Fighting for the Highest Bidder

They were statesmen, soldiers, clerics, sometimes all three. The man of the portrait had a brother, Bishop of Norwich, who led 60,000 men in Flanders and was a giant at close quarters with sword and battle-axe. There was always a Despenser guiding the King, or inspiring the barons, or leading Parliament, or dying on a gibbet, or flying from the country.

Edward of the portrait must have been one of the martial spirits of the so-called Age of Chivalry, to whom war alone was honourable and profitable, to whom peace meant poverty and melancholy inactivity. Europe seethed with such as he, wandering troops of "free companions" who sold their swords and services to the highest bidder, and kept war alive with the same industry that we now employ for the development of commerce.

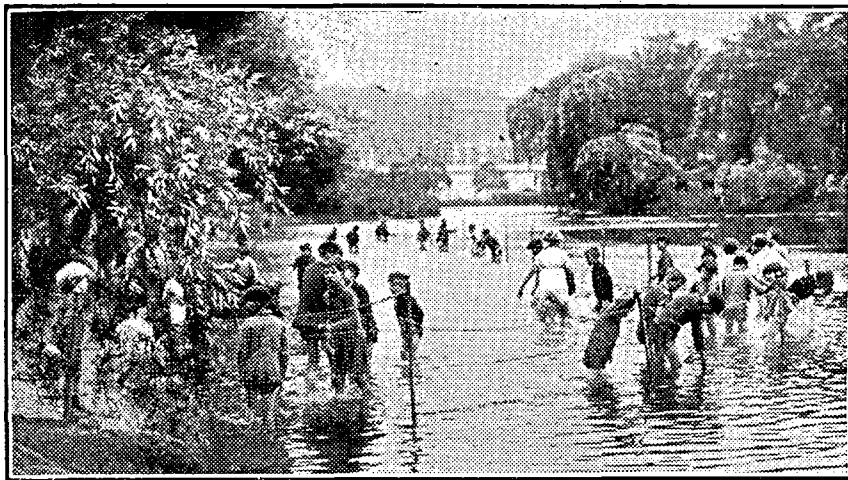
The Penalty of Peace

Here is a picture of a knight on whom, in the height of his power and skill, the horrors of profitless peace descended:

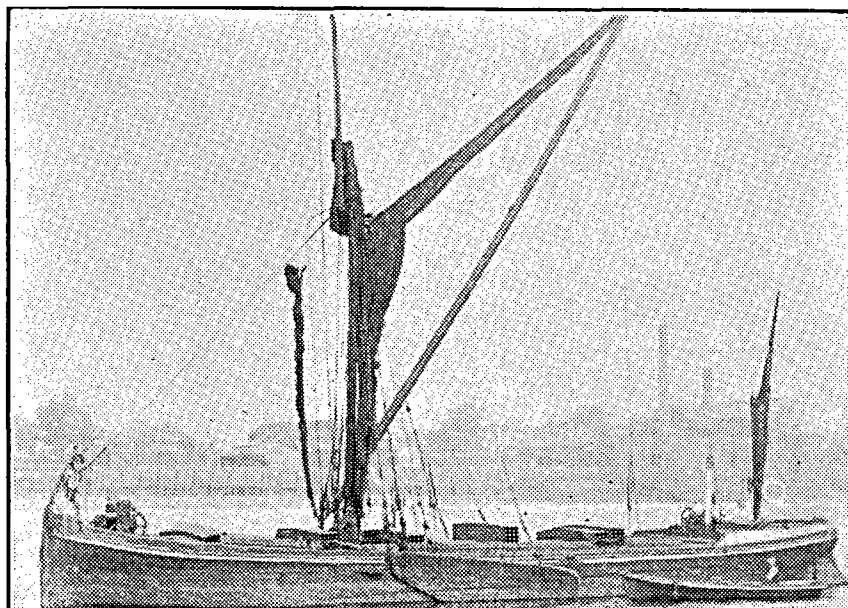
*Peaceful was the land around,
Nowhere heard a trumpet sound;
Rust the shield and falchion hid,
Joust and tourney were forbid.
All his means of living gone,
Ermine tunic had he none;
And in pawn had long been laid
Cap and mantle of brocade.
Harness rich and charger stout,
All were ate and drunken out.*

Edward le Despenser escaped that penalty of peace; he was painted in prosperity with the great. But if his proud spirit could have foreseen that he would be mistaken for Cimabue how quickly his sword would have been at the throat of the artist!

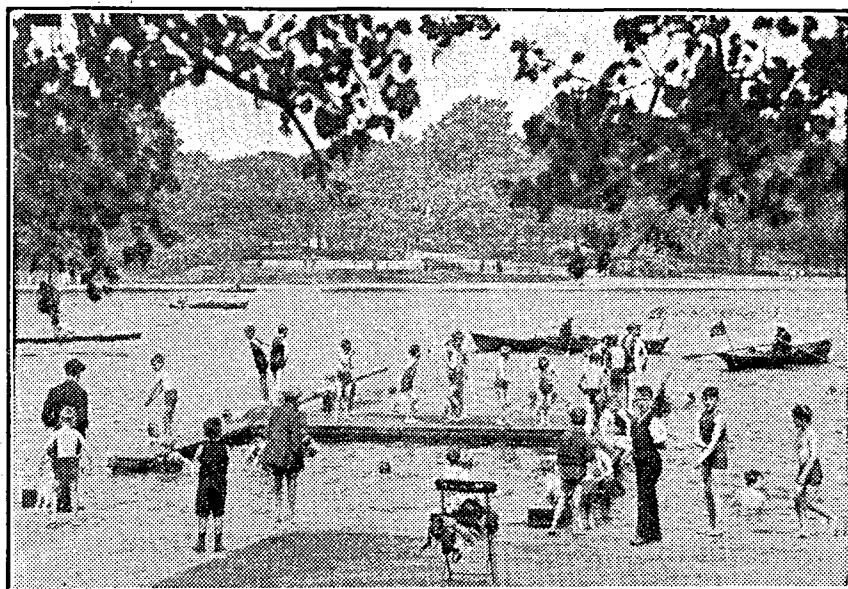
THE BATHERS OF LONDON



Boys and girls paddling in the St. James's Park lake



A seaside scene by the Thames at Greenwich



Bathing in the Serpentine in Hyde Park

Although many London children have not been able to go to the seaside, these pictures show how they have been making the most of their school holiday by bathing and paddling in the Thames and in the various park lakes

WILL THE WORLD GO BANKRUPT?

THE GRAVE STATE OF AFFAIRS

Danger of a Breakdown More Serious than War

DEBTS AND TARIFF WALLS

The world is finding it a terribly slow and difficult business to recover from a World War.

As one crisis after another is surmounted we keep hoping that now at last the worst is over; but some people believe that the very means we are taking to solve our problems have in them the promise of further troubles.

Sir George Paish, one of our leading economists, has been pointing out that the world has never before been so deeply in debt, and there is danger of a complete economic breakdown under the strain. This, he says, may mean nothing less than starvation in many of the world's great cities, and the loss of life may be greater than in war itself.

A Desperate Situation

He says that America is giving credit abroad on a scale which cannot possibly last, and he asserts, not as his own opinion merely, but as that of the world's leading bankers, that unless America changes her financial policy a great crash must come. Germany has borrowed enormous sums to buy what she requires, and Italy is unable to sell enough to buy what she needs.

It is in this desperate situation that the nations are imposing ever-fresh barriers to trade, crippling themselves and their neighbours in the struggle for restored prosperity. Will they take the advice of the Geneva Economic Council in time, and set about pulling down the barriers so thoughtlessly built up?

The President of the Board of Trade, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, comparing the British Census of Production in 1907 with that of 1924, finds that our output has increased a little more than the number of people engaged on production, so that the actual output per head has been maintained or slightly increased. In the same period the hours of work have been reduced on the average from about 54 to about 48 a week.

Lagging Behind

Increased leisure is an immense blessing when rightly used, and it is certain that in our case it has been accompanied by increased health. But there is something wrong when all our increased knowledge and improved machinery produce so small an increase in the results of our labour. Everybody knows how the mine-owners are resisting the call for more efficient organisation of coal production, and it is to be feared that in many other great industries we are lagging behind in the same way.

By hook or by crook we must become more productive, both in Britain and elsewhere, if the dangers ahead are to be overcome. And America must realise that if she is to obtain repayment of her loans for restarting industry in Europe she must reconsider her demands for the repayment of the monstrous debts which represent nothing but what was blown into the air a few years ago.

TYPING MUSIC

A Good Thing at Last

At last, it is said, a typewriter which can type music has been perfected.

It seems extraordinary that such a machine has not been produced before. Young composers have always had to struggle with the heavy expense of getting their works copied by hand, and the new machine will be a boon to poor choirs and orchestras as well as to composers.

The maker of the machine is M. Lajos Viragh, of Budapest, who has been at work upon it for three years.

LEAP FROM SHIP TO SHIP

A Daring Deed at Sea OLD ENEMIES OF THE WAR MEET AGAIN

One of Marshal Hindenburg's aides-de-camp has just paid a high tribute to a British merchant service captain. "Never have I seen before such wonderful seamanship," said Baron von Stulpnagel of a rescue performed by Captain McCreadie.

The Baron is owner of the German schooner Annemarie, whose captain is Herr Willy Kreutner, formerly in the German Navy, who took part in ten engagements with the British during the war. Both were on board when the schooner met a gale in the North Sea.

Boats Swept Away

The ship soon became a cripple. Hawkers were snapped like cotton and timber was smashed like eggshell in the tremendous seas. The deck-houses were broken, the boats swept away, and the crew became a bruised, half-naked crowd of men who expected the end at every moment.

The British steamer Carlbeath came along just in time, and her captain, W. McCreadie, ordered boats to be launched, but the terrific seas made it impossible. The German ship's hope of rescue began to fade.

Then Captain McCreadie decided to attempt passing close to the wreck, so that the German seamen might jump aboard the Carlbeath. It was a great risk to take, and a test of seamanship.

The Only Chance

Unless he went very close to the Annemarie the Germans would not be able to come aboard, but if he went too close the Carlbeath would be damaged by the collision, and perhaps become a wreck herself.

But it was the only chance of rescuing the German crew, and the British sailors were willing to take the risk. The effort was successful. All the wrecked men were able to get on board, and although the Annemarie actually touched the Carlbeath as she swept by in the raging sea no damage was done.

The rescued men were nearly all in a state of exhaustion and had to be nursed back to strength by the Carlbeath's crew, but they made complete recoveries.

As a token of gratitude the German Government has awarded Captain McCreadie a valuable marine glass.

THE KINEMA GOES TO THE DOGS

Anything May Happen Now

A film producer, Mr. W. R. Newman, has discovered that a dog can photograph a greyhound race. This four-footed movie "man" carries a small self-acting camera weighing seven pounds, and he takes about 150 feet of film as he runs.

It is marvellous, and suggests endless possibilities, such as an automatic cinematograph camera small enough to be carried by a pigeon. Why not? A boy has made a wireless set small enough to go into a matchbox, and we are getting so much accustomed to wonders that we should not be much surprised to learn that a new film was advertised as "The Life of the Bee, filmed by Bees." After that we might expect gripping insect romances taken in the same way. There would be A Day on the River, Featuring May Fly; and It Might Have Been, a Screen Drama Filmed on a Genuine Gorgonzola by Natives. In fact anything may happen now that the cinematographer's art has gone to the dogs.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A FARM BOY

World's Greatest Steel Magnate

The most powerful of all America's industrial leaders has just died, over 80.

Judge Elbert Henry Gary began life as a boy on his father's farm at Wheaton, near Chicago, and became a lawyer's clerk at £2 10s. a week. He graduated in law at Chicago University, and soon had a big practice. Then he started a bank, was elected a judge, and became mayor of his town. From banking he moved on to iron and steel, and became chief of the vast corporation which absorbed the great manufacturing enterprises of Andrew Carnegie.

Ultimately the American Steel Trust attained a capital of 450 million pounds and employed a quarter of a million men. It had 36 foreign branches, and 136 agencies in 44 countries.

Judge Gary was a great opponent of trade unions, but he reduced the working day from twelve hours to eight, paid high wages, and took a great interest in the welfare of his men. Twenty years ago a model town for steel workmen was named Gary in his honour.

Judge Gary was simple in his own tastes, but the American papers tell us that he gave £100,000 for a necklace for his wife, and £5500 for a suite in the Mauretania.

THE EIGHTIETH LEGION

The Serenity of Age

In an interesting historical sketch of the Lear Home of Recovery at West Kirby, Cheshire, a most admirable institution, we note that its President, Dr. W. McAfee, states, in proof of the fine healthiness of the place, that the death-rate of the inhabitants of Hoylake and West Kirby reaches an average so light that four people out of every hundred, young and old, are seventy years of age or more.

Both men and women have joined in a movement known as The Comrades of the Eightieth Legion. All have reached their eightieth year. From time to time they meet for religious observances and social functions. Dr. Henry Burton, the hymn-writer, who specially ministers to them, has dedicated to them a special hymn in which he claims that to them

*The fourscore years have brought
The sunny days of a June.*

No fewer than 35 octogenarians live within ten minutes' walk of Dr. Burton's own house.

The C.N., the organ of a joyous youth, offers its congratulations and respect to the serenity of age represented by the Comrades of the Eightieth Legion.

THE SIXTY BAND

The Accomplishment of Youth

Paris has been welcoming a new band. It detrained at the Invalides station, and at once attracted attention. Outside the station it formed up—sixty youngsters, half of whom were but six years old! The drummer was hidden behind his drum!

Inquiry showed that they had arrived from Normandy, where a Sisterhood has brought up a number of war orphans from infancy. From the earliest age they are trained to play some instrument by a disabled soldier, M. Fouanne. When they are six years old the most gifted are ready to join the band. They may go on to be soloists, or as far as playing Beethoven's symphonies. They are also educated in other subjects.

Paris has taken them to her heart. She has entertained and amused them, as they have entertained her. And through them she has contributed handsomely to the kindly institution at Saint Frainbault where they have been brought up and trained so well.

CANAL SWINGS ROUND

Extraordinary Experience on a Barge

THE BRIDGE THAT WENT WRONG

Two canal barges have just narrowly escaped shooting down a waterfall.

There is a point at which the old Bridgewater Canal crosses the great Manchester Ship Canal by means of a steel aqueduct. In order to let the ships go by the aqueduct is built on the swing bridge principle. There are two steel gates at either end to keep the water in place when the bridge swings open, so that it becomes a huge tank containing a thousand tons of water.

Suddenly the other day the bridge swung open of its own accord without the gates being closed, and the water, both on the bridge and on the canal beyond, poured out into the Ship Canal 30 feet below.

A Narrow Escape

Two barges were crossing the bridge at the time, and in one of them the bargee had his wife and three children. The bargees seized hold of the side of the bridge and just managed to hold the barges still and prevent them from shooting out at the end with the falling water. It must have been a horribly exciting experience.

It was many hours before the bridge could be got into working order again, and the traffic on two canals and a railway was held up while it was being put right. The bridge has lately been under repair for the first time since it was built, more than a generation ago.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE

Matilda Takes to the Stage

By Our Dramatic Critic

Another dream of mine has come true. There it stands at the top of Shaftesbury Avenue, a theatre built specially for children, where first-rate London actors and singers perform every afternoon.

You go in through the prettiest gaily-painted doorway, with a little box office at the side. Everywhere the walls are a pretty blue, and there are blue and purple lamps. A soft velvet curtain hangs in front of the stage, and you always know when it is going up, for a silver bell rings each time.

Curiously enough, when first I read about Matilda I imagined she looked very daring, with a red bow in her hair and bright black eyes. Sure enough it is all like that; and this afternoon she came to life again and acted the whole story of her wicked ways. The fireman was there too, looking as if he had never done a better afternoon's work. How his helmet shone as he moved about! And how Matilda screamed!

Sea Chanteys

Perhaps when you go you will see a play called The Dutch Doll. If I tell you that we shouted with delight I shall only be telling the truth.

Boys always enjoy good sea chanteys, but I don't think any of them expected to find real sailors singing them sitting in a boat, the captain giving orders. Everybody had to join in at the end; you could not resist it.

And how we laughed when "Father laid the carpet on the stairs"! Indeed, it was all so good that when the programme came to an end we found ourselves standing on our feet shouting Hooray! Young people can be just as keen "first-nighters" as their elders, and I hope the Children's Theatre will always have such an enthusiastic audience as on the day I went, for the managers really have provided a charming entertainment.

A MICROBE HARD AT WORK

What it is Doing

HAVOC WITH PRICES AND INDUSTRIES

A microbe which is killing old industries and creating new ones has had a most romantic career.

A C.N. contributor went to see it years ago at a works on the River Thames, where it was making butanol, a raw material it was then hoped to make into rubber. The process was not a success, but, owing to the acetone it produced as a by-product, the microbe was used on an enormous scale during the war for the manufacture of explosives.

Today many distilleries in the United States which formerly made whisky are producing, with this busy little microbe, vast quantities of butanol and acetone; the acetone is used in making the cellulose varnishes with which practically every new motor-car in America is being painted. English cars are using the varnish more and more every day.

Ammonia for Fertilisers

The microbe (known to scientists as Clostridium Acetobutylicum) turns potatoes, rice, and corn into butanol and acetone by fermentation, and in so doing it gives off quantities of hydrogen gas. The hydrogen is combined with nitrogen to form ammonia for fertilisers, and the microbe is thus beginning to affect yet another industry, that of Chile nitrates.

The growing production of acetone by fermentation is seriously injuring the wood distiller's industry, as the wood distiller looked to this by-product for a good portion of his profits. The world's industry is, of course, growing so rapidly that there is always the comforting thought that a use can be found for everything. But Clostridium Acetobutylicum has certainly played havoc with prices in a good many industries!

A STADIUM ON 5000 PILES

Holland's New Sporting Ground

A great stadium is being built in Amsterdam for the Olympic Games next year.

Like most other big structures in Amsterdam, it is being built on wooden piles driven into the swampy ground. There are about 5000 of them, all over forty feet long. Nearly forty million cubic feet of sand have been spread over the site. The stadium itself is built of concrete, encased in typical Dutch red brick.

There will be a concrete cycle track and a cinder running track round the bright green turf, a swimming pool, tennis courts, a parking ground for 4000 cars, a harbour connected with the canal system, and a picture gallery.

The stadium will be approached through an open square as big as the Place de la Concorde, the whole covering an area of some 128 acres.

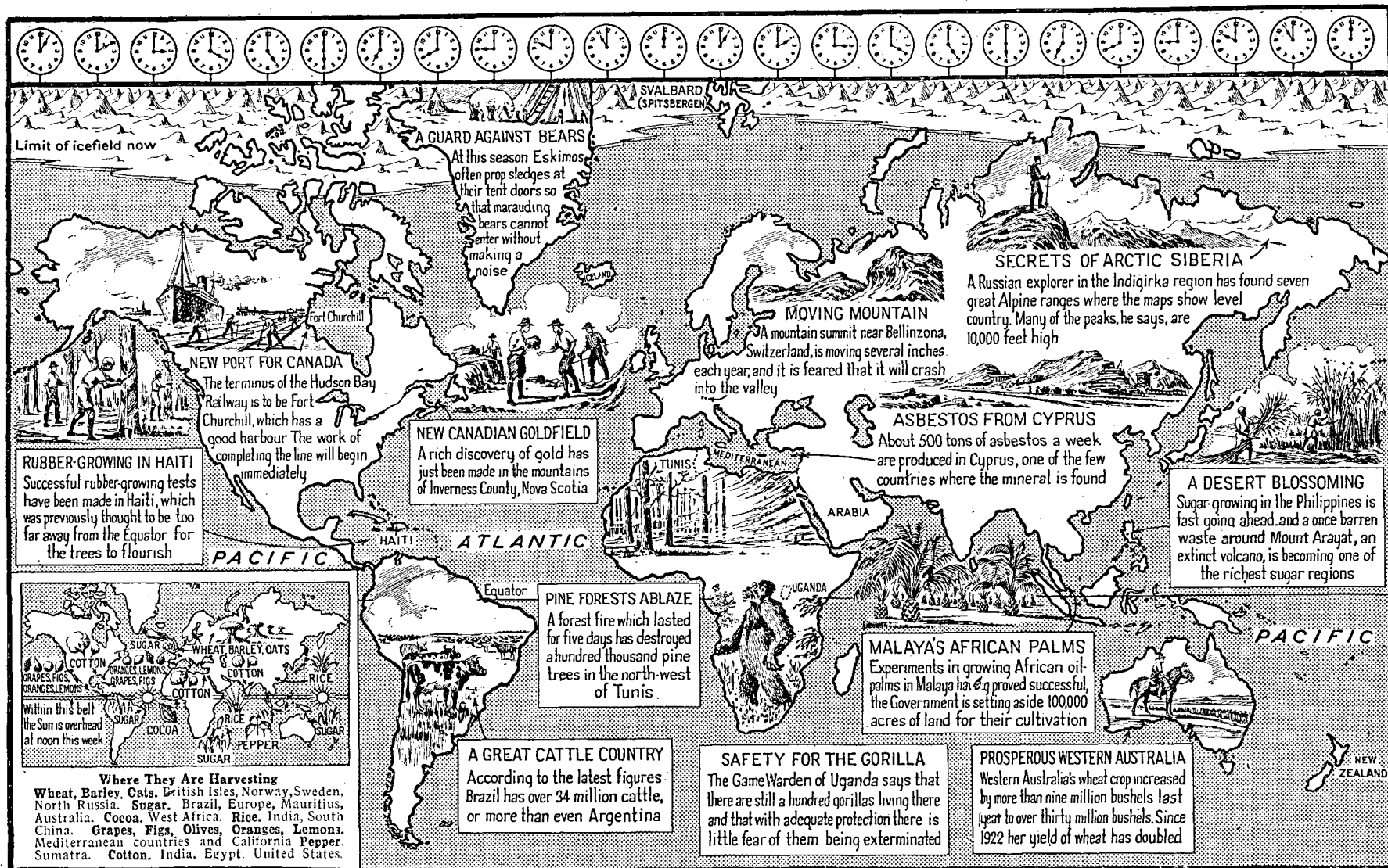
THEN AND NOW

Traffic Shakes St. Thomas's

St. Thomas's Hospital, that magnificent temple of healing whose windows look out on the Houses of Parliament, is showing signs of trouble through the vibration of the surrounding traffic.

The hospital rests on a bed of concrete ten feet thick, although when it was built nothing heavier than a pair-horse chaise was expected to pass by. Today motor-lorries of ten or twelve tons go thundering past.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BIG DOG AND SMALL DOG A Friend Turns Up DO ANIMALS THINK THINGS OUT?

Here is an interesting contribution to the question whether reflection plays a part in deciding what animals do.

One of our C.N. correspondents was walking on the towing-path of a northern canal when he saw some youths trying to make a small mongrel terrier go into the water. Plainly it was frightened, and did not want to go. One of the youths took it by the scruff of the neck and flung it in. It splashed about helplessly in evident terror.

Suddenly a big black retriever which was standing a little way off sprang into the water, swam to the struggling terrier, and brought it to the side. Again the terrified creature was thrown into the canal. While our correspondent was giving these young fellows a piece of his mind the retriever again plunged in and brought the little dog ashore, but landed it away from where the men were standing.

As one of the young men approached the terrier the retriever, standing over it, growled and showed its teeth; but again the fellow got hold of the small dog and once more threw it in. A third time the retriever brought it ashore, but still farther away from these heartless youths, and this time the big dog showed such a menacing attitude that the man who approached it drew back, and with the others slunk away leaving the whimpering and shivering terrier trying hard to show its gratitude to its rescuer.

Was there no reflection in these actions? At any rate the men showed up very poorly in comparison with the dog, and if they read this we hope they will be heartily ashamed.

THE NEW WORLD FOR THE BLIND Tickets Wanted

It would surely be difficult to imagine a more delightful way of spending a little spare cash than in providing a listening-in set for the blind.

The National Institute for the Blind is trying to raise a fund to do this on a large scale. Wireless, says the Institute's annual report, has not only brought endless pleasure to blind people, but has literally changed their entire outlook.

With the headphones at his ears a blind man is equal in all respects to a man with sight. He enters into a world which was beyond his dreams not so very long ago. Who will send the cost of an admission ticket into this new world to the Institute's headquarters at 224, Great Portland Street, London?

The Institute not only buys listening-in sets, but publishes a Braille edition of the Radio Times.

OLD-FASHIONED 1927 The Kitchen Up-to-Date

"Everything here is 1927," said the proud owner of a model kitchen the other day. But she was wrong.

It is true that she had a self-controlling gas stove, an electric refrigerator, a washing-up machine, and a kitchen cabinet that was table and cupboard combined. Yet in one thing she was as old-fashioned as the Cave Woman of long ago.

By the stove hung a little gadget like a toy pistol. When the trigger was pulled a shower of sparks appeared, and the gas was lit without a match. This little contrivance was "loaded" permanently by two small chips of pebble, and the woman who thought herself so modern was really lighting her fire as the savages lighted theirs, by rubbing two flints together!

A YEAR ON THE LAND More Cattle and Less Corn

The land under crops in England and Wales continues to diminish.

Though the area sown with wheat has increased by 44,000 acres compared with last year, barley is down by 97,000 and oats by 116,000 acres. Crops as a whole are down by 238,000 acres, and now stand at 10,310,000. The acreage under crops has now decreased by six per cent since the beginning of the war.

Crops and permanent grass together cover something over 25 million acres, a drop of 87,000 acres since last year. Orchards have increased by 8000 acres. Cattle on the farms number 6,275,000, an increase of 22,000, the largest on record. Sheep number 17 millions and pigs 2,867,000.

A NEW SORT OF TOUR Who Will Ride the Donkey?

Book-lovers will be amused to hear that Cook's, the famous travel agents, have devised a new tour for those who admire Robert Louis Stevenson.

It follows exactly the route he described in his *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*. But will the tourists ride jackasses? Of course they should do so, and a jolly caravanserai it would be. To follow R. L. S. in a motor-coach would be absurd.

OUT OF THE PIT The Way Two Miners Went

Formerly a coal miner, the Rev. J. H. Dingley has been appointed Vicar of Bulkington, in Warwickshire.

Mr. S. G. Budd, of Abertillery, another young coal miner, has recently qualified as a medical man. He studied medicine after his work in the pit, and assisted a local doctor. He is believed to be the first miner in the country to gain the degrees of M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P.

THE BAIL THAT SAVED THE BAT

A Queer Bit of Cricket PUSSY ON THE PITCH

A very odd thing happened at a cricket match the other day.

In a match at Wing, in Rutlandshire, the bail took a hand in the game. A ball from the fast bowler flicked the off stump. The batsman heard the click and turned to go.

But the bail would not let him. It jumped gaily in the air and, instead of falling on the turf, settled demurely on the top of the stumps again. The batsman was therefore not out, in obedience to the rule that the bail must be removed. Removed it was in fact, but not in law.

The odds against such an occurrence cannot be calculated, but they are very great; yet this is not the first time such a thing has happened. Once or twice in the history of cricket the middle stump has gone and the bails have kept their place. At Bristol, in the Test trial match, a stump was uprooted and jumped high in the air, turned a somersault, and stuck itself in the ground behind the wicket.

It might seem that sometimes the implements of the game become infected with a playful spirit. The incident of the Bristol stump was one of the brightest in a dull afternoon's play. Another was the appearance of a black kitten which insisted on accompanying two famous batsmen, Hobbs and Hearne, to the wicket, and was only persuaded to leave by a shower of rain.

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

The total now received for the C.N. Birthday Fund in aid of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill is £525 11s. 3d.

21. Miss A. C. Morrison, New Zealand. 10s. Miss Gwen Beck, Oregon; An Old Missionary, Papua. 5s. Thankful. 4s. Some Pupils of Standard 6, South School, Timaru, New Zealand. 2s. 6d. Mrs. Western, Askern. 1s. Vivian Mercer, Ireland.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 3 1927

Down in Somerset

THE good name of these islands is the richest treasure mortal times afford to us. We are born into the noblest heritage that mankind knows; we have the rarest Homeland on the Earth.

Our England is a garden, as Mr. Kipling says. In this matchless piece of Nature has grown up what we stand for to the world, all those qualities that we mean when we speak of being English—that humanity with a glow of warmth and mercy, the love of playing the game fairly toward weak and strong alike, kindness to animals, that sense of justice without which life is a sordid thing. All this has grown up in our English garden.

We have some right, therefore, to complain when our garden is transformed into a slaughter-house; and the C.N., which loves all lovely things, calls upon all people of goodwill to do their utmost to save our land from the shame of these butcheries of poor wild things in Somerset and Devon. Somerset is the county from which comes the greatest poem we have in defence of "all things great and small"; Devon is the home of Francis Drake, who would have scorned the thought of cruelty. Yet what is it we read with sickening frequency in the papers in these days? It is the butchery of poor driven stags by men who cannot match them in fair strategy.

What a sight it was the other day that met the eye near Porlock, as peaceful a place as any in the West Country! Into this sylvan scene bursts a stag that has found its way to a friendly stream after a desperate run over miles of moorland. The baying hounds are at its heels. It reaches the refuge of an overhanging tree, where it crouches to lower its antlers and keep off the encircling hounds. A fair fight, say the sportsmen! But is it? They fling a rope round the gallant stag's antlers, drag it from its shelter, and butcher it in the sight of all.

The only reason pretended for this cruelty is that it is sanctioned by long custom. Our answer is that it should have gone with the whipping of little children in the mills and the drowning of witches and the torture of prisoners. It is a relic of days when brave men hunted the stag because they needed food, and it has become a fashionable torture. It is not sport; it is butchery. When the public butchery of a domestic animal is condemned as an outrage on decency we cannot understand why cruelty to a wild thing is allowed.

We look to all who love mercy, to all who feel pity, to all who are proud to be English, to end this horror on which the Sun looks down in Somerset. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The League of Beauty

THE Office of Works, which for this occasion we may call the office of good works, has planted in the Flower Walk of Kensington Gardens a pretty reminder of the beauty which unites all peoples.

Among the blooms are flowers from China and Mexico, others which have come from the towering Himalayas or the plains of Siberia. North Africa has sent flowers which bloom in spring at the moment when those of South Africa are ablaze with colour in autumn. Asia Minor, Spain, Bulgaria, California, Japan of the cherry tree and the chrysanthemum, all send their representatives to this flower League of Nations.

There never is a Battle of Flowers except when idle human beings foolishly fling them at one another on the Riviera, and if some, like the lilies, neither toil nor spin, all of them are born to bring beauty and content to the world.

Children First

WHEN people speak about a sixth sense do they mean the sense that enables us to avoid a motor-car on the king's highway?

It seems more than likely that in the process of evolution this sense is growing on us. The number of street accidents among children is much less than among adults. Accidents increase every year with the increase of vehicles, but among children the increase is only a quarter of the increase among grown-ups.

Does this mean that the rising generation is getting on and getting out—of the way?

Napoleon's Dome

PARIS is to spend £25,000 in regilding the dome of the Invalides, the great place where Napoleon, the Man of Death, lies not far from Pasteur, the Man of Life.

It is not the first time the dome has been gilded; we remember that odd scene in Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts* in which Napoleon, wanting a new army of hundreds of thousands of men, talks of the way he will get it:

Fishes as good
Swim in the sea as have come out of it.
But, to begin, we must make sure of France,
Disclose ourselves to the good folk of Paris
In daily outings as a family group,
The type and model of domestic bliss
(Which, by the way, we are). And I intend,
Also, to gild the dome of the Invalides
In best gold leaf, and on a novel pattern.
MARIE LOUISE: To gild the dome, dear? Why?
NAPOLEON: To give them something
To think about. They'll take to it like children,
And argue in the cafés, right and left,
On its artistic points. So they'll forget
The woes of Moscow.

We shall be glad to see the gold dome shining in the sun, but it is good to know that this time it will be done with a nobler purpose.

Country Surprises

A FEW more surprises of the countryside come to us from a friend who has been motoring.

One is the portrait of the Kaiser in a stained-glass window at Malvern. One is a colossal shell standing in a parish church in Warwickshire—surely very out of place. One is a five-hundred-year-old barn aisled like a church. Another is a carving in Ribbesford Church of a man who is said to have shot an arrow which struck a leaping salmon and a fawn!

We have heard of a hook which caught two fishes and a shot which killed two birds, but the arrow of the archer at Ribbesford must be unique.

Tip-Cat

BIRDS' heads are the fashion as handles on umbrellas. Which are only taken out in fowl weather.

OLD customs die hard. They get so stale.

It is stated that in a certain Sussex town moths have eaten the felt off

piano hammers. Now the noise will not be felt!

THERE is little sale now for barometers. We have had all the weather there is:

THE number of street accidents has jumped considerably. So have the people who met with them.

A CONTEMPORARY thinks we should neither

over-rate nor under-rate the House of Commons. Let's be thankful that it works, at any rate.

A BRITISH draughts champion arrived two minutes late at a contest. It is believed he had been huffed.

THE greatest sensation in the world would probably be the golden wedding of two film stars.

Odd

A VERY odd experience came our way the other day.

Many men have been troubled by the thought of what may happen to their wills, and lawyers are no exception. One of our lawyer friends had made his will with the usual fear and trembling when, a little while ago, a new law came into being for those who die without a will. Studying this new Act, our lawyer friend went to his desk, took out his will, and tore it up, because the law does in such a case precisely what he wished to do.

It is safer for him to die without a will. Perhaps we shall all live without law one day. Does this not seem like a tiny shadow of a great, far-off event?

The New Sportsman

By Our Country Girl

Once more a member of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds has chased a stag at sea in a motor-boat and killed it.

THERE was a Devon gentleman Who loved the hunting horn, And out he rode to hunt the stag, Upon a summer's morn. They found the stag, a gallant stag With Brow and Bay and Tray, He led them over moor and fell, He led them miles away.

Through thorny brakes, in knotted woods, Through pasture, heath, and town He led the swiftest horses there Till day was going down.

His strength was spent, his coat was black, His heart was big with fear, But sea scents met him on the wind And told him help was near. A last fierce burst, the shore is gained,

The stag swims out to sea, A gallant race is fairly won, A wild red deer goes free!

THE huntsmen turned their sweating steeds And praised the noble run, And home they went, with sport content, All in the setting sun.

But one desiring blood was there, And blood he got at length: Steam, oil, and engine shall prevail O'er one worn creature's strength. The swift boat cut across the sea; Though swim he ne'er so fast, The stag no horse or hound could beat

Has met his match at last. They seized him by his antlers proud,

They hauled him to the side, They drew a knife across his throat, And all the sea was dyed. The English sea, the English shore, Are reddened by that shame; They cannot wash the wild thing's blood

From Devon's darkened name.

IN lands where we were honoured once

Now scornful things are told Of Englishmen who joy in blood And laws that flatter gold.

A Prayer for the Navy

O eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end; be pleased to receive into Thy gracious protection the Fleet in which we serve.

Preserve us from the dangers of the sea and from the violence of the enemy; that we may be a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions; that the inhabitants of our island may in peace and quietness serve Thee; and that we may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land with the fruits of our labours, and with a thankful remembrance of Thy mercies.

Do a good deed, then throw it into the sea; God will know of it.

Eastern Saying

THE MIRACLE OF TYNEWYDD

THE FLOOD THAT SUDDENLY STOPPED

Ten-Day Adventure of Four Men and a Boy

PASSING OF A HERO

A very heroic figure has just passed out of the world.

The rescue in which he took part thrilled all England fifty years ago, but there are few left who can remember it now, and it is right that the old man's story should be told again.

William Rawlings was a Welsh miner, and he was 36 years old when the Tynewydd Pit disaster filled everyone with wonder in the April of 1877. So extraordinary was one feature of the catastrophe that it reminded people of the miracle that divided the Red Sea to save the Israelites.

A Wall of Water

An immense rush of water from an old mine broke into the Tynewydd Pit. Most of the men won in their race for life, but four men and a boy were cut off. The terrible flood tore after them up a sloping shaft to the coal face, and then, as they stood with their backs to the wall waiting to be drowned, the water suddenly stopped before their eyes.

Only a few feet away from them it quivered, as though arrested by a miracle. At first they expected that the wall of water would topple over and rush upon them, but at last they realised that it was held up by enormous air pressure. They were safe from drowning, but there were 80 feet of solid coal between them and the world of men. It was hardly likely that anyone would discover their whereabouts, or reach them before they died of starvation. But they knocked and knocked, and at last they heard sounds which told them their signals had been heard.

Entombed for Ten Days

Then began a period of suspense which lasted for ten days, and must have seemed like ten weeks to the buried men. All Britain was waiting for news, and a rescue party was working day and night. Would they reach the men in time? No one foresaw what would happen.

After seven days a small hole was made into the men's tomb, but immediately rocks and stones were hurled out into the faces of the rescuers, and the wall of water began to slide toward the trapped men. To prevent further escape of air pressure the men were obliged to block up the hole with their clothes—yet it was the only way to food and light and liberty! After longing to see a way of escape it was bitterly hard for the prisoners to lock themselves in.

Killed by Air

Three more days went by, and then pumping had reduced the water sufficiently to take away the fear of drowning. The hole was opened again, and one man, maddened by his sufferings, made a frantic rush for it, and was hurled forward so violently by the escaping air that he was killed.

The others were brought out alive, but in a terrible state. No one can imagine what they endured in their living tomb.

Queen Victoria shared in the universal joy which greeted the news of their survival, and to mark the exceptional nature of the event she awarded the Albert Medal to the foremost leaders of the rescue party, although this medal had only been given before to heroes who had saved life at sea. The rescue workers of Tynewydd Pit were in hourly danger from a fall of coal or flood, and they earned their reward by the most selfless gallantry.

William Rawlings was one of these men, and it is good to remember him.

MRS. OWL TAKES A FLAT

THE housing shortage is evidently still acute among birds.

A short time ago the Rector of North Thoresby, in Lincolnshire, looked into his pigeon cote and was astonished to see a barn owl with a family of three white owlets. Living happily with her were mother pigeons which had either eggs or newly-hatched young. The mother owl shuffled her wings at the human visitor, and he withdrew.

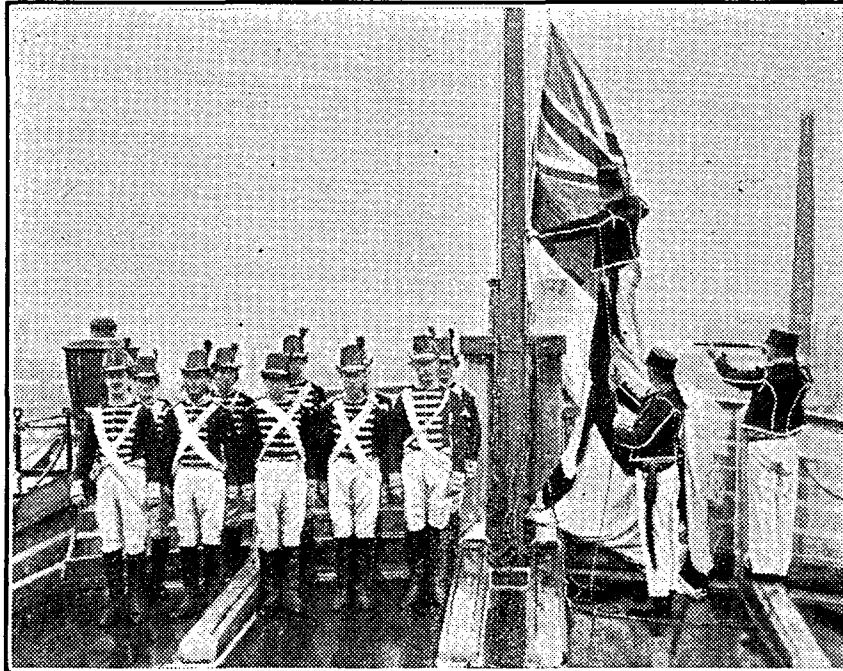
But he watched the cote, for owls are supposed to steal eggs and chicks to feed their own young, and gamekeepers kill them on this account. Yet the barn owl never tried to harm the young

pigeons, nor did the grown-up pigeons show any tendency to mob her.

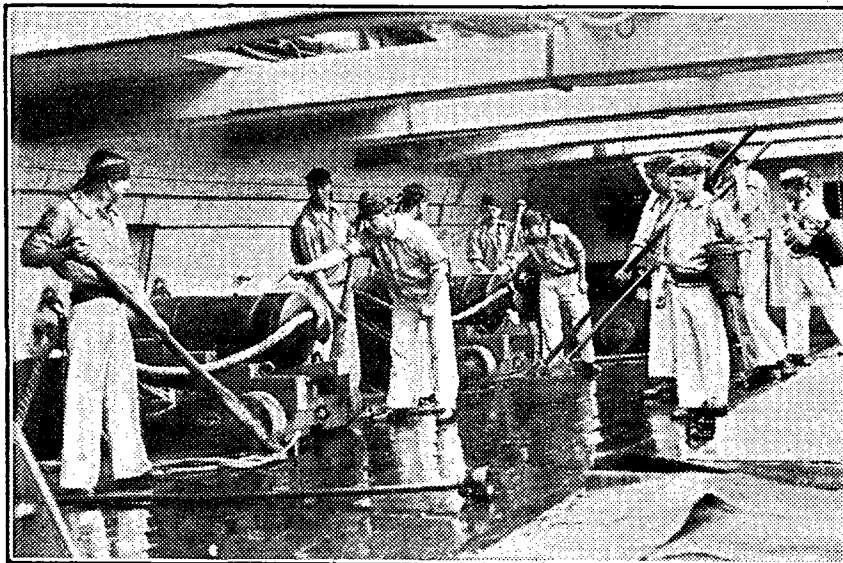
Every evening she came out and hunted through the fields for food, and when she returned to the cote it was always with one leg dangling and some supper in its claw. The coming and going of this bird of prey made no difference to the calm of the pigeon cote.

Surely the circumstances that led to such a mixed household must have been very unusual. We can only suppose that the wild bird came to live with the tame ones because she was quite unable to find a desirable residence to let anywhere else.

NELSON'S MEN APPEAR ON THE VICTORY



Hoisting the ensign on Nelson's flagship



Gunners at work on the Victory

Thousands of people visited Portsmouth dockyard during Navy Week, when some of the largest battleships of the fleet were open to public inspection. Visitors were shown round the Victory by a crew dressed in the costume of Nelson's time. In these pictures we see the men in their old-time uniforms

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A cricket ball was found in the stomach of a bullock in Lincolnshire.

Worcester is considering the use of the space within the racecourse for playing fields.

£1000 a Week

There are over 3000 telephone kiosks now in use, and the cost of their upkeep is £50,000 a year.

A Scotsman Loses Nothing

The Flying Scotsman has run 5000 miles without losing a minute since the non-stop run between London and Newcastle was started.

A Great Friend in Need

Since its foundation in 1862 the Surgical Aid Society has supplied nearly a million and a quarter surgical appliances to needy people.

Visibility in London is 50 times greater in summer than in winter.

For the first time a German wreath has been placed on the Cenotaph.

Balloon's Long Journey

A toy balloon released at Canterbury on August 10 was picked up 20 miles east of Posen, in Poland, on August 13.

A Roman Arch

Blocks in the form of a cross found on the site of Richborough Castle are believed to have formed the foundations of a triumphal arch of the Romans.

London's Automatic Telephones

The Holborn, Bishopsgate, and Sloane automatic telephone exchanges are to be opened in the autumn. Next year three more will be opened: Western, Monument, and Bermondsey.

WIRELESS SIGHT COMING

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT ON THE WAY

Famous Telephone Company's Successful Experiments

HOW IT WORKS

By a Scientific Expert

The miracle of sight by wireless has been achieved.

The famous Bell Telephone Company, which operates a huge network of thousands of miles of telephone lines in the United States, has one of the most remarkable research laboratories in the world. About a hundred of its men have been busy solving the problem of seeing by wireless.

The same laboratory has installed over a thousand instruments for telegraphing photographs, and so perfect are the results that it is almost impossible for an expert photographer to distinguish between the original picture and a copy of it sent 5000 miles by wire.

The Pencil of Light

The Bell Telephone Company decided a few years ago to attack the gigantic problem of television, and they have now perfected a system by which it is possible for the whole audience of a theatre to watch on a screen about two feet square the movements or features of a person hundreds of miles away. So complete has been their work that in the view of experts there is no doubt that in a short time television will become as common a thing as the telegraphed picture.

This is the method by which the likeness of a face can be seen five hundred miles away. A narrow pencil of light is directed by means of a rapidly-moving piece of apparatus on to each tiny part in succession of the face of the person whose image is to be seen at the distant spot. As this pencil of light falls on each little bit of the face it passes over dark hair, light skin, dark eyes, white teeth, and so on, and from these various parts of the face the light is reflected on to three giant photo-electric cells, the biggest ever made.

Lamp Like a Chessboard

These cells generate an electric current which changes in strength with each change of the light reflected from the face. The varying electric current is sent on a wireless carrier wave to the distant station. Here it is picked up and passed into a remarkable kind of electric lamp, consisting of a huge grid about two feet square, which can be illuminated in any one of its 2500 tiny parts.

It is like a large chess-board; and as the pencil of light at the sending instrument is focussed on each bit of the face so the electric current received by wireless from the photo-electric cell causes the corresponding tiny portion of this neon lamp grid to glow with corresponding brightness.

18 Times a Second

The point of this pencil of light traces over the whole of the face in a fraction of a second, repeating its performance 18 times in a second. The result is that those watching the grid of the neon lamp see what amounts to a kinematograph picture of the sitter, whose face can be clearly seen many miles away.

Although at present only simple subjects, such as the head or shoulders, can be seen by wireless, so complete has been the work of the Bell Telephone Company that it can be a matter of time only before television becomes common and far more elaborate subjects are dealt with.

THE PERMANENT WAVE

Sounds and Sights Sealed Up

WHAT IS DONE AND WHAT WILL BE DONE

By a Scientific Correspondent

Thanks to the phonograph we can hear over and over again the sound of a voice that is stilled. The science which is struggling to send images that are seen across space, as sounds are sent by wireless, can already give us the moving image of the face which speaks the words, if the distance is not too great.

Mr. Baird, one of the inventors who has done wonders in the way of sending visions of things seen to a distance, has just succeeded in putting some of these transmitted signals of vision on to the cylinder of a phonograph.

The Changing Face

He can set his phonograph cylinder in motion, and on a prepared screen will appear the vision of a face which frowns or smiles, or uses the muscles of speaking or singing, as it did when the inventor transmitted the vision of the speaking face by wireless. Over and over again the face will smile or frown, as many times as the cylinder is set in motion.

There should be no great difficulty in making its movements exactly fit the sounds it made. Thus ten, twenty, or a hundred or a thousand years from now, people would be able to see as well as hear a prima donna, or a great tenor, or a great orator, producing the sounds which thrilled Covent Garden or the House of Commons.

A Glimpse of the Future

This invention is only a small payment on account of what the science of seeing and hearing at a distance is preparing to show the years to come. Some day the prayer and praise in a cathedral and the crowds of worshippers, or the ceremony at the Cenotaph, or even the struggle at a football match, will be caught up and whirled round the world in sight and sound while they are in progress.

Before that time comes sights and sounds will be bottled up and preserved so that they can be repeated at will. Mr. Baird's phonographed vision of a speaking face is the first instalment of the inventions which promise to make every sound audible and every sight visible throughout the world, and, more than that, to make them indestructible while men desire to preserve them.

WHY GIVE IN?

Old Folk Young

A working blacksmith who has two children drawing the Old Age Pension is the sort of character one would only expect to meet in Alice in Wonderland; but Mr. James Dawber, of Garston, is still a working smith, and he has a son and daughter drawing the Old Age Pension.

After this we must not be surprised to learn that Mr. James Allen, aged 83, has tramped 200 miles from Lancashire to Tiverton because he wanted to visit his birthplace, that Mrs. Susannah Crane, of Edmonton, widow of an Indian Mutiny hero, insists on rising at five each morning despite her 100 summers, and that Lord Balfour is a redoubtable tennis player at 79.

These things tempt us to wonder why other people grow old. There seems to be no need for it. It would appear that old age is just a bad habit. Perhaps it will one day be a punishable offence to indulge in bath-chair riding, arm-chair dozing, wearing comfortable slippers, and, worst of all, writing letters to the papers saying that the world is steadily getting worse.

THE SCOUT AND HIS BADGE

From the Boy Scouts G.H.Q.

Most of the boys who are Scouts today must make up their minds while they are still young what career they intend to follow.

The Scout Proficiency Badges have become very useful, not in teaching trades to boys (they do not profess to do that), but in finding out what are a boy's tastes in the way of work and what he is likely to be most suited for.

The old-fashioned idea was that work was work and had to be done, and it did not matter whether one liked it or not; but now it is realised that people are not all made alike, that tastes differ, and that a boy is likely to make a much better workman if he has a real liking for his job.

A Choice of Badges

Now, in the Scout and Guide movement we do not say "Here are sixty badges which you have to earn," but the Scoutmaster or Guider says to the Patrol Leader "Will you find out what badges the boys, or girls, in your Patrol would like to go in for this year?" The Patrol Leader tells the members of the Patrol about the different badges and what work has to be done to gain them, and then among themselves they decide what subjects to take up.

If a boy is keen on his Ambulance Badge it does not, of course, mean that he will necessarily want to be a doctor later on; but it does show his Scoutmaster that he likes using his fingers, and that he would probably do well in any job where deft hands are of importance. You will notice that good surgeons are very often good carpenters; and they are always good carvers!

Studying the List

If a Scout is specially keen on the Missioner Badge as well as the Ambulance Badge it shows that he probably would do well as a doctor, because it would prove that he is not only good with his fingers but is particularly interested in his fellow-beings and sympathetic in their troubles.

I knew a boy who up to the time when he was about fifteen did not seem to have any idea as to what he would like to be when he grew up. His parents had suggested to him the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and many other professions, but nothing seemed to appeal specially to him.

When he joined the Scouts the leader of his Patrol gave him the list of Scout Proficiency Badges to look at, and asked which ones he would like to try for. The boy studied the list at home for a day or two, and then said that he would like to go in for the Surveyor's Badge. The tests for this badge consist of map-drawing, measuring heights, distances, gradients, and so on.

Square Pegs and Round Holes

The Artist Badge was another which attracted him, though at home he had shown no signs of ever becoming a painter of great pictures.

That boy (he is a man now) is doing well as an architect; he says that it is a job he might never have thought of but for the Scout badge work.

A boy or girl who takes up the wrong sort of work is like a square peg trying to fit itself into a round hole. In the Scouts and Guides we can do a good deal toward showing the square pegs where the square holes are and directing the round pegs to the round ones.

If you are a square peg in a round hole you will find your work drudgery, and will only really live in the few hours that you can snatch away from your work. But those fortunate round pegs who have found round holes will find that their work is their life and their life their work; and, instead of watching the clock to see when they can escape from it, they will put their whole heart and soul into it, and their happiest hours will be spent at work.

THE IDEA MAN

Village Miller's Son and His Inventions

ONE EVERY FIVE DAYS

We often hear of people who are always inventing something. We should probably think a man who took out a new patent every year had fairly well earned the description.

But there is a man in America who is said to have averaged one patent every five days for 25 years. He has 1800 to his credit!

He began inventing when he was a barefooted boy of six and had already seen how tired his mother became stirring apples in a big copper pan, but we do not gather that his contrivance of wheels and ropes to be worked from an easy chair was ever patented. The patenting days came later.

Ethan Dodds was 21 before he could read, and even today reading is not easy to him. Then he had a week at college. After that the Principal called him up and said: "We cannot do anything for you, Dodds. You are wasting your time and ours." Dodds agreed, and went away and invented things.

Afternoons in a Mine

His father was the village miller at New Galilee in Pennsylvania. He also owned a small coal mine, and paid his sons for working there in the afternoons and on Saturdays. Ethan began when he was nine, but at 17 he made his way to the great Westinghouse works and was taken on as a blacksmith's helper. There one day he made a forging from a sketch by Mr. George Westinghouse, who promptly transferred him to the drawing office.

In his spare time he took lessons in his lodgings and attended night schools. Later Mr. Harriman, the railway magnate, built a laboratory for him, and he helped Senator Marconi with his models for wireless. Soon he will have 2000 patents to his credit, and no doubt he is a rich man as well as a useful one.

THE BEAR AND THE CAR

The Friendliness of the Wild

One of the most remarkable changes that has been brought to the remotest countryside by the motoring millions is that all animal and bird life has begun to accept calmly the swift and, to them, noisy motors. The sheep on the loneliest Cheviot waysides keep on nibbling the grass and do not raise an inquiring eye as motor monsters rush past. It is remarkable to see an old roadman go on with his work unheeding the cars rushing by, but it is more remarkable to see the growing indifference of birds.

A Scottish reader sends us a curious illustration of how completely in the far-off Rocky Mountains the motorist has become reconciled with the wildest animal life. Banff is the chief beauty spot on the great Canadian Pacific Railway, and from it the popular motor-coach now climbs to beautiful Lake Louise, above the railway's highest "divide."

All that region has long been a favourite prowling ground of the black bear—not the dangerous grizzly. The bad repute of the grizzly has attached itself in some degree to the black bear in the minds of easily impressed strangers, but really the black variety is a harmless creature, though it has inquiring habits. It has become so accustomed to the passage of motor-cars containing people who are provided with sweets suiting a bear's palate that it will parade by the roadside and beg, rearing itself beside a stationary car, in proof whereof our correspondent sends us a snapshot. So friendly may people become with harmless wild animals! *Picture on page 12*

TROUBLE IN THE ALPS

Switzerland Defends Her Frontier

MUSSOLINI APOLOGISES

The Government of Mussolini has been getting into trouble with Switzerland, and has tendered apologies and promises of amendment.

Italian frontier guards have been trespassing on Swiss soil and interfering with Swiss citizens. The greatest pages in Swiss history tell of her determination to keep every inch of her soil free from the aggression of her mighty neighbours, and it will be remembered that Switzerland forbade Germany to cross her territory into France during the war.

The Italian army has been holding manoeuvres in the mountains, and was anxious that certain secret methods of handling mountain guns should not be observed by strangers. So the frontier has been closed to tourists except over selected passes, and anyone with a camera was sure of trouble.

Tourists Imprisoned

Six Swiss tourists from Lugano were stopped by Fascist militia while still on Swiss soil, and four of them were stripped, searched, and imprisoned. Now they have been released with apologies. But there have been other incidents.

Many other climbers have been in trouble. If a peak is just inside the Italian frontier they have been turned back half way up the slope. If it is just inside the French frontier they have been turned back among the glaciers when descending on the Italian side. An Oxford professor and his wife were arrested at their hotel and placed under lock and key.

Some people in Switzerland have been advising that tourists should keep well away from the Italian frontier, but the Swiss Government says they shall go as near as they choose and no one shall molest them. It can say that, not because it has a powerful army to support it, but in spite of the fact that it has not. The Swiss Government speaks with effect because it has the moral weight of the public opinion of the world on its side.

THE THIRD PLAGUE OF AUSTRALIA

Flying Foxes and the Fruit Crop

SOS TO SCIENCE

Australia has sent out an SOS call to the scientific world, asking if any way can be suggested of getting rid of the plague of flying foxes.

The Australian flying foxes are a species of bat, which is increasing rapidly in the fruit-growing districts of the continent, where these animals are now numbered by the million. Although bats devour insects the Australian flying foxes have taken kindly to fruit. They eat apples, plums, and other stone-fruits. Nothing the orchard grows comes amiss to them, and what they do not eat they destroy, leaving on a dozen apples the marks of their teeth and claws though they may only have eaten one.

Various methods have been tried to drive these hordes from the ravaged orchards, but there are too many of them. It is impossible to put a fence to ward them off, as Australia did with the rabbits. Poison gas, which has been tried on the prickly pear in Queensland, is useless, for the bats are too wary, and move off at the least alarm. Shooting is too expensive, and hitherto, whatever is done to drive them off, they have always come back.

So Australia asks Science what to do; and Science must think it over.

PERSONAL ITEMS

TWELVE AND TEN AT SCHOOL

The Five Pairs of Twins and the Twelve Cricketing Eggars

THE ALTON DOZEN

On the Editor's table lie five snapshots, set out in a row, and on them the sun has caught ten children in pairs. The first, picked up at random, is of two little girls in check aprons, as like as two peas, even to their tidy hair and mouths turned up at the corners.

The second is of two other little girls, each with a bunny rabbit, and both very pleased with the photographer, though one has straight hair and the other curly. Then come a boy and a girl—she leans against his knee as he sits, and all you can wonder is which is fonder of the other. Next two girls in white smocks, with cheeks like apples, and lastly come two small boys, of whom the shyer has thrown his arm about the neck of his bold brother. But they, too, are as alike as two peas.

No wonder it is so, for all five of these pairs are twins!

The Happy Days

They all go to one small school at Clayton West, Huddersfield, and if the smiles on the faces of these dear blonde things are brought there by their teacher, then Clayton West Infant School must be one of the happiest in the land.

It is tempting to wonder what will become of these ten innocent lives all started in couples on Life's highway. The most we can promise them is that, whatever happens to them, they will never cease to look fondly back to some of the shining hours when all the world was young and some of the jolliest tales were told in school.

The older ones among us are sure of that, for, though school is not all holiday or by any means all smiles, the farther we leave it behind us the surer we are that those were our happy days, with less to trouble about than ever since. There is something about a school that makes us always wish to go back to it, for, like the sundial, we count only the sunny hours.

A Family of Cricketers

There is another photograph in front of us, in which there are twelve people all in a row, who, though there are no twins among them, are all of the same name and family. They are the Eggar cricket team, descendants of John Eggar, who founded the school at Alton.

Every year they play a match against the school, and this year they won by nine runs. Who will now say there is nothing in a name? Anyhow there is something in the name of Eggar, and we wish this Alton Dozen well.

Pictures on page 12

MRS. SHARK AND HER BABIES

A Brighton Boast

Brighton can boast that it has a unique sight to show. In no other place is there an aquarium where a mother shark and her babies can be seen.

The babies were about seven inches long when born, and were a pretty dove grey shaded with pale rose, but they were exactly like their mother as far as other features went, so that no one could call them engaging to look at.

Mrs. Shark belongs to a British variety, one of the few that do not lay eggs. Her four babies were born in captivity, and the air of Brighton seems to suit them.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

London's Least Known Museum

Sir John Soane was born on September 9, 1753.

On the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields there stands a house which few Londoners visit. It is London's least known museum, once the home of one of England's great men of the last century, Sir John Soane.

Sir John has been remembered chiefly as the architect responsible for that fine old fortress building the Bank of England. When he had finished his work on the grim pile Sir John thought that it would stand for ever, that he would need, as indeed he wished, no other monument to his ambitions and his skill. But already his work there is superseded. Soane's Bank of England will presently become part of the past history of London.

A Unique Monument

There remains another monument which is even greater, his museum-home in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In its way it is unique. It is a changeless record of a man's life and hopes, his personality, his aspirations to the beautiful. By an act of fine public-spiritedness on Soane's part it belongs to London, to England.

This man who ended his life full of honours, rich in friends, was born of obscure parents in 1753. He began as plain John Swan, then Soan. The final e was added to his name when he came back from an Italian tour in 1780. In 1831 he became Sir John.

His father was a stonemason and small builder of Whitchurch, near Reading. John, an unusually clever and intelligent boy, had the good fortune to be noticed by a man who was chief assistant to George Dance the younger, the City architect. He became Dance's pupil, from the outset brilliant, gifted, hard-working.

Early Successes

When he was eighteen he entered the Academy Schools and won the Silver Medal for a magnificent drawing. The next year he won the Gold Medal and a travelling studentship for a most ambitious design for a triumphal bridge. Students of architecture and art who want to know what measured drawings and building designs can look like need only to visit the Soane Museum and study the work which marks various periods in this great man's life.

In the meantime John had got his heart's desire and journeyed to Rome, where he flung himself headlong into work and study.

The great ambition of his life was achieved when in 1788 he was chosen out of a number of well-known competing men as architect to the Bank of England. This post he held for 45 years. He held other offices and fought hard for his ideals in classic architecture. In 1806 he became Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy.

A Born Collector

Then it was that his next great labour, by which he will always be remembered, began to take up a large part of his life. He was a born collector, had excellent taste, and he complained that at the Academy students had not nearly enough casts of architectural details, or designs or books to work from. He took the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields and began to fill it with everything which a serious and ambitious student of art and architecture could need.

He collected many things besides objects of interest to architects. There are in the museum some very famous pictures by Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner; thousands of valuable books; a famous Tasso manuscript; Greek urns, ornaments, an Egyptian sarcophagus; in fact, a magnificent collection.

The house is just as he left it when he died in 1837. It is not only a home of art: it bears the impress of that finest of all achievements, a long life nobly lived, exceeding hard work done, high ideals fulfilled.

THE PEOPLE WE FORGET

New Houses Not Settling the Problem

SMALL HOUSES STILL OVERCROWDED

A little while ago Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Minister of Health, spoke of the progress lately made in overtaking the housing shortage left by the war, over a hundred thousand new houses having been built in the last twelve months.

But he pointed out that the cost of these houses was too high. The local authorities, he said, were finding that they were getting to the end of the people who could afford the rents of the houses they were building. Now we have Mr. E. D. Simon, a former Lord Mayor of Liverpool and a great authority on housing, telling us that practically nothing has yet been done to help the very people who need help most of all.

Big Families in Small Houses

He says that the market for houses at £600 and upward is pretty well satisfied, and in two or three years there will be enough houses in the provinces at rents from 12s. to 20s. a week including rates. But the unskilled worker, or the skilled worker with a big family, cannot afford more than six or eight shillings for rent, and for these we have done nothing.

People with small families are moving into the new houses with three or four bedrooms because they can afford it, but people with large families are remaining in the small houses with only two bedrooms because they can afford nothing else.

It is an aspect of the housing question which has not yet been fully realised, if realised at all.

THE HOTTEST THING PRODUCED ON EARTH

As Hot as a Star

Some wonderful experiments have been carried out at Mount Wilson, in which a temperature four times hotter than that of the Sun has been attained.

The burning gases of metals at this terrific temperature are quite opaque. We can see through the flame of a candle, but no one can see through the blinding flame of a metal burning at 20,000 degrees centigrade.

This is the astounding temperature, equal to that of all but the very hottest stars, which has been produced by hurling the discharge from an electric condenser at a tension of 40,000 volts into a metal wire drawn out to a state of exceeding fineness. The flash of light which is caused as the discharge takes place lasts only a 25,000th part of a second, but its photographic records have shown that it is the hottest thing ever produced in the world.

ST. GEORGE'S HELMET

A New Treasure for South Kensington

An important addition has been made to the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is the collection of arms and armour bequeathed by Major Victor Farquharson, F.S.A.

Perhaps the most interesting piece is an English sallet, complete with visor, which was worn by some doughty knight in 1460, and was copied by Mr. Adrian Jones when he fashioned his fine figure of St. George for the Cavalry Memorial in Hyde Park. A sallet is a light kind of helmet with a projection behind, and specimens are very rare.

There is, besides, a wonderful series of spurs from Norman to Stuart times, together with suits of armour and a large collection of old firearms.

OUR UNSEEN NEIGHBOURS IN SPACE

A FAMOUS PAIR OF SUNS

Families of Worlds that May Be Revolving Round Them

THE NEAREST STAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

A special fascination attaches to the little star 61 in Cygnus which we described last week; but, though it is the nearest star visible at evening just now, it is not actually our Sun's nearest neighbour.

There are at least ten known to be nearer, but, either through being below the horizon or because they are too faint, they are not visible.

Far below the western horizon is the most noteworthy of all, the famous Alpha in Centaurus, or Alpha Centauri. This star, like 61 Cygni, is composed of two suns, but of far greater dimensions. One is somewhat larger and the other smaller than our Sun, which they closely



The position of Proxima Centauri, the nearest star

resemble; in fact, the larger one is almost identically the same.

They are, on an average, about as far apart as Uranus is from the Sun, or nearly 1800 million miles, revolving round a central point between them in about 81 years—which is almost as long as Uranus takes to go round the Sun.

These suns of Alpha Centauri must appear to each other as very bright stars with perceptible discs, very much as our Sun appears to Uranus. Their light takes only 4½ years to reach us, nevertheless they are 270,000 times as far off as our Sun.

If they have worlds revolving round them, as is most probable, their orbits will be more likely to resemble those of satellite systems than the planetary orbits of the Solar System, each sun having its own family of worlds comparatively close to it—unless the planets of the Alpha Centauri System possess orbits resembling those of comets.

The suns of Alpha Centauri were long considered to be the nearest to us until the faintly-seen little Proxima Centauri was discovered.

Not Easy to Find

This star appears to the south-west of Alpha Centauri, apparently between four and five times the Moon's width away, but as it is of only eleventh magnitude a powerful telescope is required to see it.

It is actually the nearest known star to our world, its light taking just over four years to reach us, it being 260,350 times as far away as our Sun.

It is remarkable that this little sun should be almost between the two suns of Alpha Centauri and our Sun. It is actually about 1200 thousand million miles nearer to us. As this is 432 times as far as Neptune is from our Sun Proxima Centauri can hardly be regarded as a planet of Alpha Centauri; though in point of size it might well be.

As the larger sun of Alpha Centauri radiates 13,000 times as much light, and our Sun 10,000 times as much as little Proxima, we can infer how very much smaller it is.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south-east.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure

By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 45

Before the Dawn

HITHERTO Michael had had little conversation with Captain Richards and the members of his crew who had been rescued, from their noisome captivity in the junk. Ill-treatment and starvation had made them physically and mentally incapable of giving him effective help; they needed rest and good food and no worry.

But now that the critical moment had come, now that the lives of the Englishmen and the Chinese villagers depended on the success of the scheme that had suddenly occurred to Michael, he felt that he must call upon the services of every possible helper, however small his contribution might be.

"Let us go and see your Captain, Bunce," said Michael. "We'll leave Ah Sung on the wall to keep a look-out, though it seems unlikely that anything will happen just yet."

He made his way with his Chinese friends and Bunce to the hutment in which Captain Richards and his seamen were recuperating.

"You are comfortable, Captain, I hope?" he said.

"Thanks to you, Mr. Benson," was the reply. "We feel we are men again."

"Well, captain, I've come to ask your help. Of course, I can't expect you or your men to undertake anything demanding physical strength, but your experience will be useful in supervision, and I'm sure you'll do what you can."

"There's no doubt about that. We're so beholden to you that it would be sheer ingratitude to do anything else. Only tell me what you want and we're at your commands."

There ensued a long discussion. The rescued seamen had already had from Bunce an outline of the events leading up to the present situation, and as Michael unfolded the details of his plan their eyes grew bright and they seemed to gain new vigour.

The first move in the daring operations that had been decided on was made late in the evening. The wall of the fort was crowded with an eager throng of spectators who, in the light of the rising moon, watched one of the junks from the lakeside moving slowly away, towed by the Borosina. With Michael and Larry on board that vessel were four stout villagers and Lo Fing.

They left the lake and turned into the creek. The tide had started to run up, but a strong wind blowing in the opposite direction favoured them, for the junk rose high out of the water. She was steered by a Chinese from the village; at the bulwarks others stood by with long poles to fend her off the banks when, owing to sudden windings of the creek, it appeared that she was in danger of being blown ashore.

It needed some three hours' hard work to bring the junk to the tunnel of trees and reeds where the launch had previously found shelter. There the junk was carefully quanted into hiding, and, though her passage through the reeds must have left tell-tale traces, Michael hoped that the wash of the tide would remove these before daylight came to reveal them.

Scarcely a word was spoken, and extreme care was taken to avoid noise of any kind, lest vedettes of the approaching pirate flotilla should already be in the neighbourhood.

When the junk was moored at the chosen spot Lo Fing and all but one of the villagers climbed on board, leaving Larry in the launch for a final consultation with his brother.

"Well, old man, good luck to you," said Michael, after a few minutes' conversation. "Of course we can't settle the details, they must be left to your discretion when

the time comes; but we are clear on the general outline?"

"Perfectly. We'll make a good job of it, you may be sure of that. I hope there'll be no hitch, either at your end or mine."

"Then good-bye for the present. Tell Lo Fing to keep the Chinese quiet; you mustn't risk a premature discovery."

Larry climbed on board the junk, and Michael, with a single companion, a villager who had some command of pidgin-English, was about to start up the engine for his return journey when he caught a slight sound from the direction of the creek. Knowing that in the black darkness of the tunnel the launch must be out of sight of anyone passing, he waited with some curiosity not unmixed with anxiety.

He could now identify the sound as the regular click of oars in rowlocks. Except for that and the rustle of reeds in the wind there was dead silence. In less than a minute he caught a glimpse for one fleeting instant of a rowboat passing the mouth of the tunnel upstream. It was travelling very rapidly, for the tide was now running strong.

"About to announce the return of the flotilla," thought Michael.

He reflected for a moment. If the boat was indeed an enemy craft the farther it was allowed to go from the sea the less likely was it that the crew would be able to alarm the flotilla if they discovered or suspected anything wrong at the fort. The best course seemed to be to follow it quietly. If it should turn the launch could deal with it at any time; but the danger was that if the crew were alarmed they might take to the bank and find their way back to the seashore across the swamp.

Anxious though he was to get back to the fort, Michael gave the boat a quarter of an hour's start before he slowly followed in its wake. The wind might prevent the sound of his engine from reaching the ears of the crew; but if they heard it, though they might be puzzled, they were unlikely to be alarmed, for the Borosina was a familiar object to them, and they could hardly have become aware that Mirski was no longer master of his own launch.

Michael had had the assistance of Lo Fing in his previous journeys on the creek, and he was a little anxious about his ability to navigate its windings. The moon had gone down, but brilliant star-shine gave just enough light to enable him to keep clear of the banks with the aid of an occasional shove-off by his companion.

Suddenly he had an idea. Why not take advantage of the boat crew's presumed acquaintance with the Borosina? Why not hasten his own arrival at the fort? At once he let the engine out; the launch leaped on in the teeth of the wind and rapidly closed in on the boat.

"Boy, callee boat plenty loud," he said to the Chinese beside him. "They speakee; you say honourable Russian tow them to the fort, so save plenty time."

"Savee all same, sah," said the man. "Hai! Hai-lo!" he called.

The boat stopped. In a few seconds Michael saw its dark shape on the water less than a hundred yards ahead. His companion spoke rapidly to its crew of three in their own tongue. They accepted eagerly the offer of towage. Michael, relying on the darkness to conceal his features from them, ran the launch alongside and ahead; the hawser was quickly attached; and the three pirates lay comfortably in the bottom of the boat for the rest of the journey up the creek.

When he brought up at the jetty on the lakeside he found there Bunce, Chang, and Ah Sung, who had been eagerly watching from

the wall for his return. And the three pirates, as they stepped from their boat, were astonished to find themselves seized by three strangers, disarmed, and conveyed as prisoners to join their fellows in the fort.

CHAPTER 46

Fire Ships

TIM BUNCE's broad face wore an air of complete self-satisfaction.

"I reckon as everything is just about A 1, sir," he said to Michael, waving his arms toward a number of vessels moored in orderly array at the lakeside.

"You found plenty of stuff?" Michael asked.

"Plenty muchee, galow, as Ah Sung says in his pidgin lingo. Here and in the village there was a good deal of stuff that'll burn well; a barrel of tar, old baskets, bits of resin, tins of paraffin, and so forth, and we've got 'em well stowed away in they two junks yonder, above and below deck. And the half-dozen sampans alongside are loaded with as much stuff as they can carry."

A few hours later Michael was awakened from a heavy sleep by the news that the pirates' flotilla, after anchoring at the mouth of the creek during the ebb, was moving up the creek on the flood tide. He sprang up instantly, soused his head in cold water, and hastened to a final conference with his party.

"How long would they take to reach the lake?" he asked Lo Fing.

"The wind is adverse, honourable sir, but before the tide fails I should expect to descry their tops very near the entrance to the lake. And it is their custom that their junks are towed by the smaller craft, which are provided with sweeps thereto."

"Then we'll set off, and we'll wish one another good luck."

Leaving Captain Richards and the rescued crew in charge of the fort, Michael with Bunce and the rest of his party hurried down to the lakeside. A few minutes later the watchers on the wall saw a procession head toward the creek. The Borosina, with Michael, Chang, and Lo Fing on board, led the way, followed by one of the laden junks in tow, and then by three of the sampans strung to the junk and to one another. Then came the Bantam, with Bunce and Ah Sung, towing the second junk and the second set of sampans. On board each junk were three of the Chinese villagers, one acting as helmsman; in these waterside villages almost every man is something of a seaman.

The tide was already running up the creek, even at the entrance to the lake. But they were helped by the wind, which was still blowing

steadily, and in just under two hours they arrived at a sharp S-shaped bend in the creek, above a straight reach nearly a mile in length and extending from north-west to south-east, the direction of the wind.

"This is the place, Lo Fing?" said Michael.

"The place ordained, sir."

Michael halted the little fleet at the upper end of the S-bend. The sampans were moored alongside the junks, and the two motor-boats just behind them, ready to cut off any light pirate vessels that might come up in advance of the rest. Owing to the bend only the masts of the junks would be visible to anyone approaching up the reach.

Two or three hours passed. The tide had already begun to turn when the look-out at the mast-head of one of the junks reported that a vessel was entering the reach.

"I must have a look myself," said Michael.

He left the launch, boarded the junk, and shinned up the mast until he had a good view down the whole length of the reach. A big junk was being towed by two long lorchas, which appeared to be manned by a dozen oarsmen each. Behind them he saw the masts of other vessels, and in a minute or two a second junk came into full view. They moved slowly, for though the tide had only just begun to run against them their tall hulls felt the full force of the wind.

Michael waited until the leading junk was nearly three-fourths of the way up the reach. Then he slipped down from the mast, and gave an order. The cables holding the two junks were released, and on each vessel two men hurried below deck.

In a few seconds dense clouds of smoke rose from the hatchways and rolled away leeward. The motor-boats, one at the stern of each junk, pushed them down the creek until they arrived at the head of the reach. Then the sails were run up, and the clumsy vessels, preceded by an impenetrable smoke-screen, careered side by side at a spanking pace toward the on-coming vessel.

Michael, standing beside the helmsman at the stern of one of the junks, found himself wishing that the smoke was not so thick, for he could not see what was happening. But the wind making a sudden rift in the cloud, he perceived that the crews of the boats towing the big junk had stopped rowing, and the vessel had swung broadside to the wind.

He gave another order. From the decks of the junks lighted torches were thrown into the sampans alongside. There was a burst of flame; the kindled combustibles crackled and roared, and still thicker clouds of black and yellow smoke drove on before the wind.

It was impossible now to see what was going on down the creek. But calculating from his brief glimpse, Michael reckoned that, if the pirate junk had not altered its position, he must by this time have come within a hundred yards of it.

At his word the Chinese steersmen lashed the helms. Then they slipped down the ropes at the sterns of the junks on to the bows of the launches. Michael, his eyes and throat smarting from the noisome fumes that wrapped him round, slid down into the arms of Bunce waiting below.

"Did you see 'em, sir?" asked the boatswain.

"Yes; there's a big junk about a hundred yards down, lying across the creek. Now's the time for a final shove off."

He gave the engine full throttle, and for a few seconds the launch pushed hard against the stern of the junk, which was now beginning to feel the effect of the running tide. Chang followed his example with the Bantam. Then they suddenly reversed, and the two tall vessels, belching fire and smoke, lurched down the creek, each amid its blazing satellites.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Pigeon

IT was Carol's birthday. He had six presents in all, and each, as it came to him, seemed jollier than the last.

From Father there was the right stamp album; from Mother a book of true adventure; from the girls a game of Halma; from Uncle Tom the bicycle pump he needed. And so on. But was this another present? Carol thought, as, busy with a letter of thanks, he looked up about lunch-time to find his father entering the room holding a beautiful live pigeon in his hand.

Could it be? Carol had longed and longed for a pigeon and had never had one. But here it was, the lovely thing, with its burnished green and mauve neck feathers. Father held some grain near its beak; it lay quietly in his grasp but it did not attempt to eat. It was frightened, and stared anxiously in front of it.

"One wing is cut," said Carol's father. "It can't fly."

"Oh, what a shame, Father! But when it re-feathers I suppose—"

"It will be all right then. I wonder where it has come from."

"Don't know in the least. Please, please let me hold it," Carol begged.

"Shall I put it in with the chickens for a bit? In case Tim gets it." (Tim was the family cat.)

"If nobody claims it, Dad, do you think that I could keep it?" asked Carol eagerly, and he grew pale as he gazed at the bird, so soft and confiding in his hand. That anybody should have dared to clip its wing!

"If nobody claims it; yes, my boy, you shall keep it," was the answer.

All went well. Nobody claimed the bird all that long summer day. But at evening Carol was passing down the back path and chanced to look in at the neighbouring garden. There he saw a box with some wire-netting clumsily nailed in front and a little door.

"John Smith," Carol called sternly over the fence, "have you missed a pigeon?"

A friendly, dirty little face peeped at him through the bushes. Master Smith had forgotten all about his pet; he was busy acting a Red Indian, and he said gaily, "The cats had it!"

"No, we've got it," said Carol; and his hopes sank. "It's quite safe. But, you know, it's wrong for it to be on the ground. Any cat could get hold of it there. And how are you feeding it?"

Sad end to a birthday to have to hand the precious thing over to this casual little boy who already didn't care very much whether he had the pigeon or no. But Johnny opened his mouth and said the most wonderful sentence you can imagine:

"I don't care whether you keep her altogether. I've got a new Red Indian outfit; and I'm too busy for anything else."

SPLENDID FAILURES

"Thy Need is Greater Than Mine"

Those words of Sir Philip Sidney will live for ever, and they form the keynote of an inspiring feature that is appearing each week in "Chums" beneath the title of "Splendid Failures."

This series, from the pen of that famous Olympic athlete, Captain F. A. M. Webster, has personal sacrifice as its chief motif, and tells the stories of those who saw fit to suffer themselves rather than others should suffer.

The world is full of splendid failures who are failures only as the world understands failures, but magnificent successes in the opinion of those who cherish ideals and know where to bestow the laurels for true nobility.

It is of such people this great series in "Chums" tells, and no one should miss these really magnificent little articles.

CHUMS

Every Saturday 2d.

Sweet is the Face of Nature in September



THE BRAN TUB

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. A substance used while washing. A cricketing term. Four-ninths of an aerial machine. Something which supports.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Sea-Eagle

The several species of this eagle are distributed over the whole world with the exception of South America, and although it mostly frequents the coast it is sometimes found far inland near large rivers and lakes. It is a very shy bird, and will leave its nest at the slightest alarm. Steller's Sea-Eagle is the largest of all eagles, reaching a length of 41 inches.

Ici On Parle Français



Le tambour Le canard Une oie
Il partit sans tambour ni trompette.
Le canard nage sur la pièce d'eau.
Il a deux oreilles: voici la gauche.

What Am I?

YOU'LL find me in confined and also in free,
You'll find me in lawsuit and also in plea,
You'll find me in steamer and also in barge,
You'll find me in mighty and also in large,
You'll find me in timber and also in pole,
You'll find me in petrol and also in coal,
You'll find me in mingle and also in blend,
You'll find me in damage and also in mend,
You'll find me in sitting and also in stand,
Whole, I'm an instrument seen in a band.

Answer next week

Do You Live at Hampton?

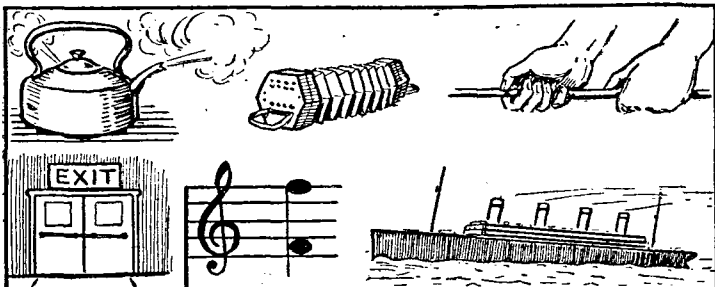
HAMPTON is really the ham tun, or fortified village, and in old documents is spelled Hamntune. The p intruded at a later date. No doubt the place was originally a village or homestead with a fortified wall or palisade round it.

The Mystery

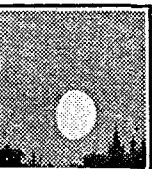
I'VE seen you where you never were,
And where you ne'er will be,
And yet within that very place
You shall be seen by me.

Answer next week

A Double Acrostic in Pictures



Write down the names of the things in this picture, and you will find that the initials of the words spell the name of a place where many things are learned, and the initials spell the name of the man who is in charge of such a place.

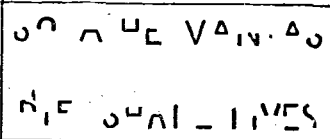
Looking South
10 p.m., Sep. 7

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE song of the stockdove ceases. The note of the swallow is heard no more. Gossamer is seen floating in the air. The red underwing moth appears. The dog rose casts its leaves. The berries of the hawthorn and cuckoo pint, or lords and ladies, are fully ripe. Elderberries ripen.

The Broken Proverb

HERE are two lines of broken type. When the missing portions of the letters have been filled in they

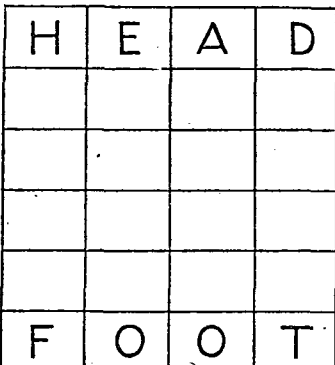


will make a proverb. The letters of each word are in correct order, but the words are jumbled. Answer next week

How the Fahrenheit Thermometer Got Its Name

THE thermometer devised by the German scientist Fahrenheit, who first used quicksilver instead of spirits of wine, was named after him. He fixed freezing-point at 32 degrees instead of zero to avoid the necessity of recording negative measurements, such as -1, -2, -3, and so on. For this and other reasons this thermometer is preferred by meteorologists.

Changeling



Change the word Head into Foot with only four intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Proverbs About Faults

A GOOD garden may have some weeds.
By others' faults, wise men correct their own.
Every man hath his faults.
Everyone's faults are not written on his forehead.
Forget others' faults by remembering your own.
In every fault there is folly.
Small faults let in greater.
One man's fault is another man's lesson.
No garden without its weeds.

Jacko's Plans Go Wrong

JACKO loved cars, but he knew nothing about the way they worked, and when he managed to pick up a job at a garage he wasn't a success. In fact, the proprietor told him to clear out before he had been in the place a couple of hours.

"Better try some other trade," he told Jacko. "We've no use for dunces here."

Poor Jacko went off, looking very crestfallen.

"I've done with cars," he said to himself, as he slunk off down the road toward home.

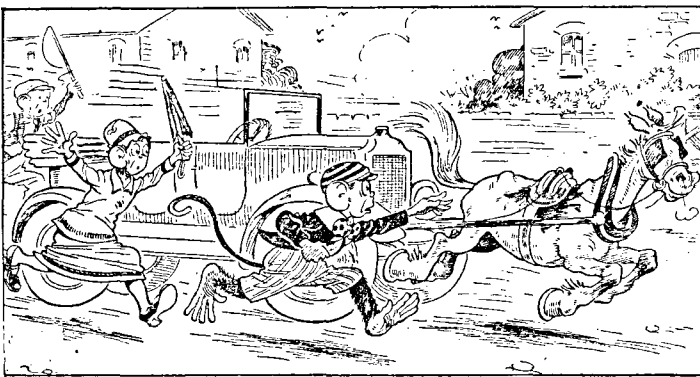
But he hadn't by any means done with cars. A worried-looking lady suddenly came running down the road and asked him the way to the nearest garage.

"I've driven my car into the ditch," she exclaimed excitedly, "and I want somebody to pull it out!"

Jacko gave a low whistle. He wasn't at all keen on putting a job in the way of the garage man he had just been working for, so he put on a knowing air and told the lady not to worry.

"Let me see the car," he said importantly. "I've just come from a garage myself."

The lady looked very relieved. She hurried Jacko along the road to where the car was lying on its side, in the ditch.



The coal man joined in the chase

"I can't think how it got there," she said. "I must have been looking the other way."

Jacko thought it very likely: he had a poor opinion of lady drivers. But he said he would see what he could do, and he hurried off to get some of his friends to help him, for he couldn't pull the car out of the ditch alone.

While he was on his way to Chimp's house he caught sight of a fine, sturdy horse harnessed to a coal cart. It was standing patiently outside a house, and its driver was nowhere to be seen.

"Coo! Just what I want! I'll borrow that horse!" muttered Jacko. "He'll be back here again in two shakes, and nobody will be any the wiser."

And in a twinkling he had unharnessed the animal and was leading it along the road.

The lady was delighted when she saw help coming.

"The car will soon be going again," she said.

And so it was. But the horse wasn't content with pulling it out of the ditch, but suddenly took it into its head to dash off down the road, dragging the car behind it!

Of course Jacko ran after the horse, and after him came the lady, who had suddenly grown suspicious.

"Stop thief!" she shouted. "He's stealing my car!"

"He's stealing my horse!" shouted the coal man, suddenly appearing on the scene, and he joined in the chase.

Fortunately the horse stopped when it heard its master's voice, and in the general confusion Jacko managed to slip away. He really had had enough of cars this time.

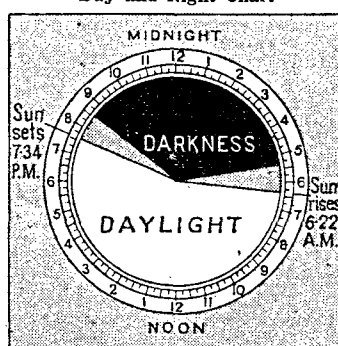
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	6129..6295..	3130..3057
Glasgow	1811..1895..	959..1006
Liverpool	1437..1537..	647..680
Birmingham	1415..1471..	658..680
Dublin	835..812..	393..427
Bristol	513..551..	253..241
Bradford	332..379..	258..264
Bournemouth	109..98..	72..67
Northampton	95..106..	71..77
Darlington	94..115..	53..40
Exeter	81..94..	53..56
Bury	73..71..	44..36

The four weeks are up to July 23, 1927.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

D! MERRYMAN

In the Cottage Garden

CITY CLERK (foraging for a camping party): Yes, I'll have that big cabbage you're cutting, please. But look here, are you sure that it's quite fresh?

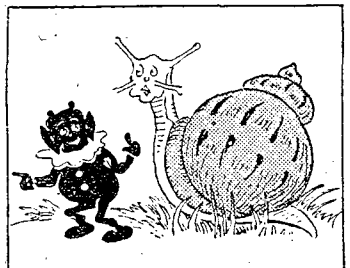
The Bishop's Text

It was very provoking when the bishop preached an excellent sermon on "Be ye therefore steadfast," and found himself reported in the newspaper the next morning as having preached from the text "Be ye there for breakfast."

Not Black Enough

Go and wash your face, Bobby; it's dirty again.
Oh, I do wish I were a little black boy!
But you generally are.
Oh, I mean really black. Then you could not see when I was dirty.

Out of Season



THE Pixie told the Snail, "I know where summer cabbages in row might feed a snail who sought 'em. It's just a mile away, or less."
"Too far!" the Snail replied. "I guess I'd not get there till autumn!"

His Jugular Vein

THE street conjuror had made several misses in catching the knives and balls he threw up.
"It's no use," he said. "I'm not in the right mood."
"Not in the juggler vein, evidently," murmured a medical student as he walked away.

Pineapple on the Sideboard

WHAT do you call a pineapple, waiter, a fruit or a vegetable? It doesn't seem to be down on the bill of fare.
Pineapple isn't either, sir; it's an extra!

Madam Adam

TEACHER: Who was the first man?
Bright Boy (promptly): Adam.
Teacher: And who was the first woman?
Dull Boy (hesitatingly): Er—Madam.

Weak in His Aitches

HAVE you any whole strawberry jam?
No, madam; all ours is new this season.

Overheard at the Club

THAT fellow Brown tried to make an ass of me with one of his traveller's tales the other day. He talked about his Italian holiday and the waving fields of macaroni. But he didn't catch me, you know. They don't wave!

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:

HABITS	TIME
AMATEUR	MAD
DAB	APATITE
DTABLES	DEN
ONLY	ROWART
CERIE	REDIA
AT	ERSE
ROSE	SCALE
RAP	BERWIS
ADFOATELY	
MEIN	STOWEC

A Word Square
SOAR
OGRE
ARTS
REST

A Curious Word. Heroine.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Butterfly.

Who Was He?

The Statesman Who Never Ruled was Charles James Fox.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

September 3, 1927

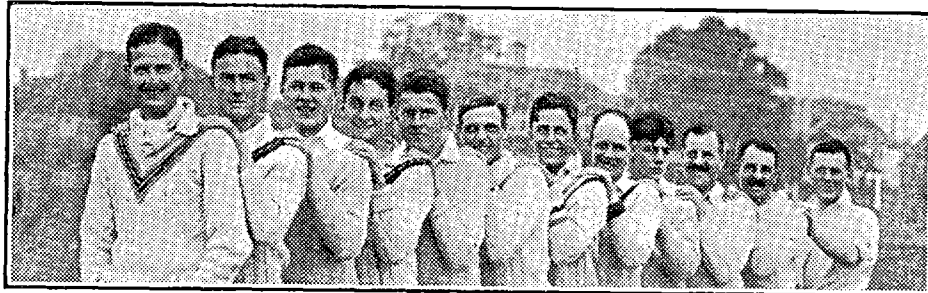
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

A FRIENDLY BEAR · RAILWAY ENGINE'S VOYAGE · IN A LION'S CAGE



English Tobacco—At Church Crookham, in Hampshire, tobacco is grown; and here we see this year's crop being gathered



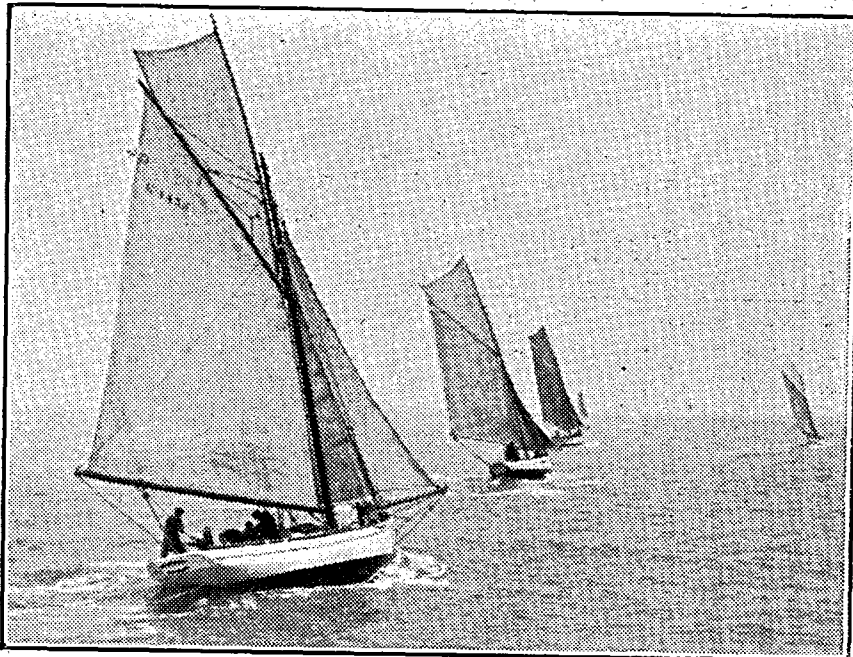
The Eggar Twelve—These twelve members of the Eggar family are all descendants of the founder of the Eggar School at Alton. Each year they play a cricket match against the school. See page 9



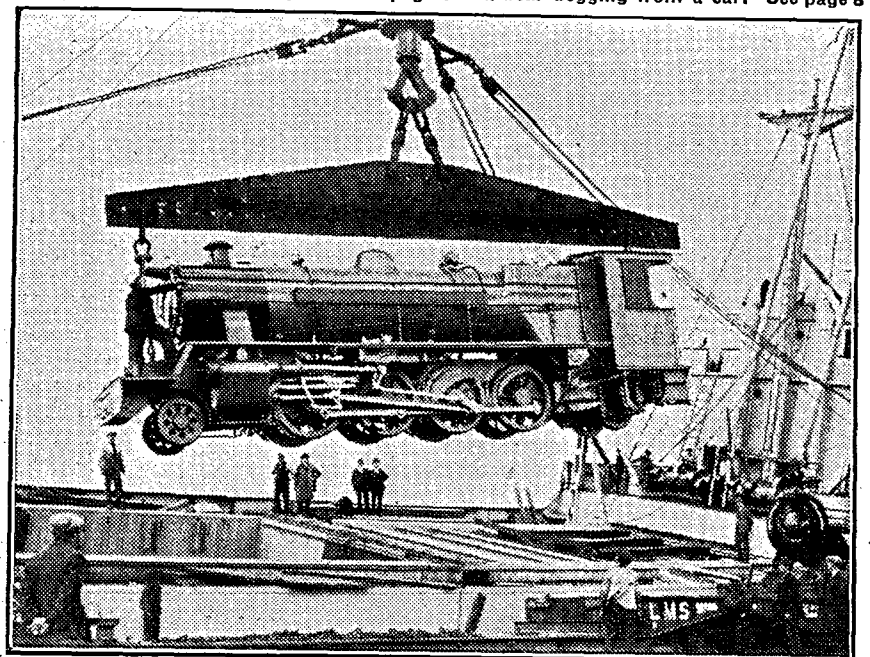
The Twins of Clayton West—Can any other school in England, we wonder, match the distinction of the small Huddersfield school at Clayton West, where these five pairs of twins are daily seen in the infant rooms? Some of them are so much alike that it is hard to tell them apart. See page 9



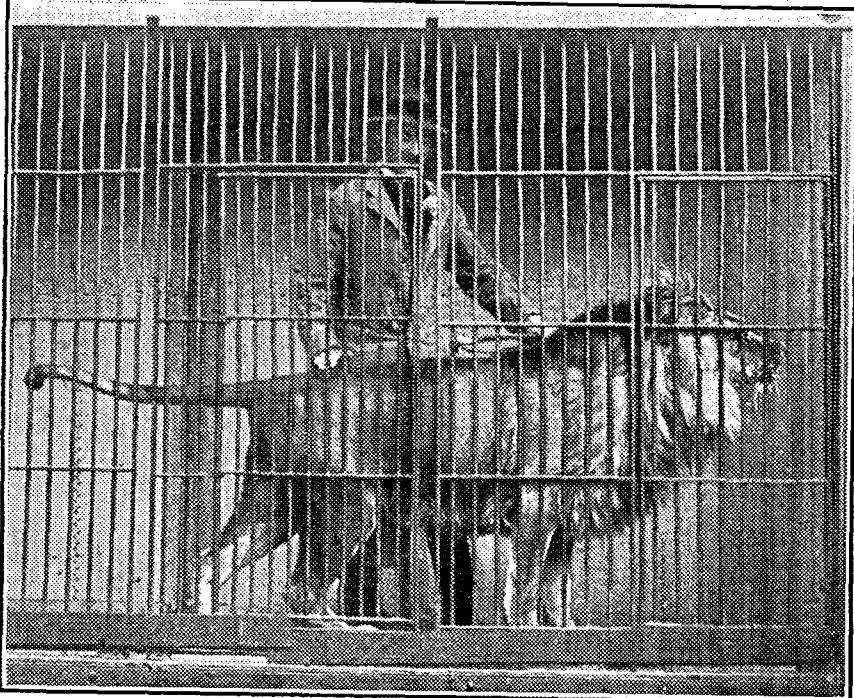
The Friendly Bear—This snapshot from a reader in the Rocky Mountains shows a bear begging from a car. See page 8



A Channel Islands Regatta—Many holiday-makers from England watched the regatta at Gorey, in Jersey. Fishermen from the neighbouring coast of France were present, and this picture shows the start of the Entente Cordiale race, in which French boats took part



Railway Engine's Long Voyage—A firm in Lancashire has lately built twenty locomotives for the Indian State Railways. In this picture we see one of the engines being lowered by a crane into the hold of a steamer on the Manchester Ship Canal for the voyage to India



In the Lion's Cage—Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who owns a private zoo, is here seen in the cage of his splendid African lion. Over £3000 has been raised for charity by exhibiting the lion



Great Friends—This little girl has made friends with a baby donkey, and they spend many happy hours playing together. The picture clearly shows how very small the donkey is

THE STORY OF A RESTLESS DROP OF LIQUID—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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